



*View the lascivious Priest, Religion's Jest!
By whom th'obedient Damsel is confest:
With whom she clears the long contracted Score
Of former Sins; and ticks with Heaven for more.*



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THE
Cloisters laid Open,
OR,
ADVENTURES
OF THE
PRIESTS and NUNS.

WITH
Some Account of CONFESSIONS, and
the lewd Use they make of them.

Containing a Series of diverting STORIES.

ALSO,
The ADVENTURES of the BATH:

CONTAINING,
The Amours of THERESA and the DWARF, the
Love Letters of the Count LUCIANO, and the
Tragedy of the Baron CASANATTA.

LONDON:

Printed for MEANWELL, near Dutchey-Lane.

[Price Three Shillings.]

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

ADVENT

TRINITY

THE HOLY TRINITY



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LONDON

Printed by J. G. & J. H. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



T H E

P R E F A C E.



S Italy, France, Spain, and other Countries, are the Scene of the following Relations; so their Priests are a People vow'd to Chastity, but have little Regard to it. Their Virtues and Honesty are so little known, or practis'd at least, that I hope the World will not think there is any Partiality or Fiction in the ensuing Pages.

It is certain, that the Priests and Fryers are the original Cause of all the Mischiefs that happen in public and private Affairs, by their corrupt and wicked which are fully set forth in the Practices, following Accounts.

It would be Proof sufficient, if the Reader were only to see them at *Shrove-tide*

P R E F A C E

tide, in Masquerades with their Whores, and at their Midnight Balls and Revels.

I DOUBT not but I shall incur the Displeasure of the *Papists* in general, by the following Relations; yet I cannot but think there are many generous Persons among them, who, by the Blessing of a good Temper, will be bold enough, when they come to read these Sheets, to break thro' the Tyranny of prejudic'd, and superstitious Education, and view things thro' the right End of the Perspective.

I HAVE lived among them, and have suffered by them; but I thank God, as I have abandoned their Errors, I am also out of their Power, and consequently free from Fear. I shall therefore say no more, but proceed to their WICKED ADVENTURES, many of which are of my own certain Knowledge, and the rest collected from the Testimony of Authors of most undoubted Credit.

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F T H E
P R I E S T S a n d N U N S.

C H A P. I.

The Adventure of Don Francisco, an Inquisitor, with a young Lady of Fifteen Years, whom he forcibly carry'd from her Father's House into the Inquisition, in order, by his Threats of the Dry-Pan Torture, to debauch her. The Accomplishment of his Design, her cruel Usage, and happy Deliverance: with other material Passages. All written by Herself.

I A M to inform my Reader, the Inquisition is in *Saragossa*, the Scene of the following Story.

My Father was a Counsellor, and a Man of no small Repute. I went one Day with my Mother, to visit the Countess of *Altarasi*, and there met Don *Francisco Torrejon*, the second

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Inquisitor

Inquisitor of the Holy Office, after we had drunk Chocolate, he ask'd me my Name, and so many puzzling Questions about Religion, that I could not answer him. His severe countenance had frightened me ; and, as he perceived my Fear, he desired the Countess to tell me, that he was not so rigid as I took him to be. After which he caressed me in the most obliging manner imaginable : He gave me his Hand with great Respect and Reverence ; and when he went away, he told me, *My dear Child, I shall remember you till the next Time.* I did not mind the Sense of the Words, for I was unexperienced in Matters of Gallantry, being only Fifteen Years old, at that Time. Indeed he did remember me ; for the very Night following, when we were in Bed, hearing a hard Knocking at the Door, the Maid that lay in the same Room where my Bed was, went to the Window, and asking who was there, I heard say, *The Holy Inquisition.* I could not forbear crying out, Father, Father, I am ruined for ever. My dear Father got up, and enquiring what the Matter was, I answered him with Tears, *The Inquisition.* And he, for fear the Maid should not open the Door as quick as the Case required, went himself, as another *Abraham*, to open the Door, and offer his Daughter to the Inquisitors. But as I did not cease to cry out like one distracted, my dear Father, all in Tears, put into my Mouth the Bit of a Bridle, to shew his

his obedience to the Holy Office, and his Zeal for the Catholick Faith; for he thought I had committed some Crime against Religion. So the Officers giving me but Time to put on a Petticoat and a mantle, took me down into the Coach, and without allowing me the Satisfaction of embracing my dear Father and Mother, they carried me into the Inquisition. I expected to die that very Night; but when they carried me into a noble Room, well furnished, and an excellent Bed in it, I was quite surprized. The Officers left me there, and immediately a Maid came in with a Salver of Sweetmeats and Cinnamon-Water, desiring me to take some Refreshment before I went to Bed. I told her I could not, but that I should be obliged to her, if she could tell me, whether I was to die that Night, or not. Die! said she, you do not come here to die, but to live like a Princess, and you shall want nothing in the World, but the Liberty of going out; and now, pray mind nothing, but go to Bed and sleep easy, for To-morrow you shall see Wonders in this House; and as I am appointed to be your Waiting-Maid, I hope you will be very kind to me. I was going to ask her some Questions, but she told me, Madam, I have not Leave to tell you any thing else till To-morrow; only that no body here shall come to disturb you; and now I am going about some Business, and I will return presently, for my Bed is in the Closet near your

Bed. So she left me there for a Quarter of an Hour. The Confusion I was in took away all my Senses, or at least the free Use of them; for I had not the Power to think of my Parents, nor of the Danger that was so near me. But during this Suspension of Thought, the Maid returned, locked the Door after her, and said, Madam, let us go to Bed, and pray tell me at what Time in the Morning you will have the Chocolate ready. I asked her Name, and she told me it was *Mary*; *Mary*, for God's Sake, said I, tell me whether I am come to die or not? I have told you, Madam, that you come to be one of the happiest Creatures in the World; and observing her Reservedness, I asked her no more Questions, but recommending myself to God Almighty, and to our Lady of *Pilar*, and preparing myself to die, I went to Bed, but could not sleep one Minute. I was up with the Day, but *Mary* not till Six o'Clock. When she got up, she wondered to see me stirring so early, and said, Madam, pray will you drink Chocolate now? Do what you please, said I. Then she left me half an Hour alone, and came back with a Silver Plate, with two Cups of Chocolate, and some Biskets on it. I drank one Cup, and desired her to drink the other, which she did. Well, *Mary*, said I, can you give any Account of the Reason of my being here? Not yet, Madam, said she, but only have Patience for a little while. With this Answer

fwer ſhe left me, and in an Hour after came
 with two Baskets, containing a fine Holland
 Shift, and Holland Under-petticoat, with fine
 Lace round it; two Silk Petticoats, and a lit-
 tle *Spaniſh* Waſtecoat, with a Gold Fringe all
 over it; with Combs, Ribbons, and every
 thing ſuitable to a Lady of higher Quality than
 I. But my greateſt Surprize was, to ſee a Gold
 Snuff-Box, with the Picture of *Don Francisco
 Torrejon* in it; then I ſoon underſtood the Mean-
 ing of my Confinement. So conſidering with
 myſelf, I thought that, to reſuſe the Preſent,
 would be the immediate Occaſion of my Death,
 and to accept of it, would be to give him, even
 on the firſt Day, too great Encouragement
 againſt my Honour; however, I found out, as I
 thought, a Medium in the Caſe. *Mary*, ſaid I,
 pray give my Service to *Don Francisco Torrejon*,
 and tell him, that, as I could not bring my
 Cloaths along with me laſt Night, Honesty per-
 mits me to accept of thoſe Cloaths which are
 neceſſary to keep me decent: But ſince I take
 no Snuff, I beg his Lordſhip to excuſe me, if
 I do not accept this Box. *Mary* went to him
 with this Answer, and came again with a Pic-
 ture nicely ſet in Gold, with four Diamonds
 at the Corners of it, and told me, that his
 Lordſhip was miſtaken, and that he deſired me
 to accept that Picture, which would be a great
 Favour done him; and while I was thinking
 what to do, *Mary* ſaid to me, Pray Madam,

take my poor Advice, accept the Picture, and every thing he sends to you ; for consider, that if you do not consent to, and comply with every thing that he has a Mind for, you will soon be put to Death, and no body can save you ; but if you are obliging and kind to him, he is a very complaisant Lover, and you will be here like a Queen, and he will give you another Apartment, with a fine Garden, and many young Ladies shall come to visit you : So I advise you to send a civil Answer to him, and desire a Visit from him, or else you will soon repent yourself. O dear God, said I, must I abandon my Honour without any Remedy ! If I oppose his Desire, he by Force will obtain it ; so, full of Confusion, I bid *Mary* give him what Answer she thought fit. She was very glad of my humble Submission, and went to give Don *Francisco* my Answer. She came back a few Minutes after, all over-joyed, to tell me, that his Lordship would honour me with his Company at Supper, and that he could not come sooner, on account of some Business that called him abroad ; but, in the mean time, he desired me to mind nothing but how to divert myself, and to give *Mary* my Measure for a new Suit of Cloaths, and ordered her to bring me every thing I could wish for. *Mary* added to this, Madam, I may call you now my Mistress, and must tell you, that I have been in the Holy Office these Fourteen Years, and I know the

the Customs of it very well, but Silence is imposed upon me under Pain of Death. I cannot tell you any thing but what concerns your Person : So, in the first Place, do not oppose the Holy Father's Will and Pleasure. Secondly, If you see some young Ladies here, never ask them the Occasion of their being here, nor any thing of their Business, neither will they ask you any thing of this Nature ; and take care not to tell them any thing of your being here, but you may come and divert your self with them at such Hours as are appointed. You shall have Musick, and all Sorts of Recreation : Three Days hence you shall dine with them ; they are all Ladies of Quality, young and merry : This is the best of Lives, and you will not long for going abroad, you will be so well diverted at home ; and when your Time is expired, then the Holy Fathers will send you out of this Country, and marry you to some Nobleman. Never mention the Name of Don *Francisco*, nor your own Name to any. If you see here some young Ladies of your Acquaintance in the City, they never will take Notice of your formerly knowing each other, tho' they will talk with you of indifferent Matters ; so take care not to speak of your Family. All these things together astonished, or rather stupified me, and the Whole seemed a Piece of Enchantment ; so that I could not imagine what to think of it. With this Lesson she left me, and told me she

was

was going to order my Dinner ; and every time she went out, she locked the Door after her. There were but two high Windows in my Chamber, and I could see nothing through them ; but examining the Room all over, I found a Closet with all sorts of historical and profane Books, and every thing necessary for writing. I spent my Time till the Dinner came in, reading some diverting amorous Stories, which was a great Satisfaction to me. When *Mary* came with the Things for the Table, I told her, that I was inclined to sleep, and would rather sleep than go to Dinner. So she asked me, whether she should awaken me, nor not, and at what Time ? Two Hours hence, said I, so I lay down, and fell asleep, which was a great Refreshment to me. At the Time fixed she wakened me, and I went to Dinner, at which was every Thing that could invite the nicest Appetite. After Dinner, she left me alone, and told me, if I wanted any thing, I might ring the Bell, and call : So I went to the Closet again, and spent three Hours in Reading. I think I was really under some Enchantment, for I cannot remember what was in my Thoughts at the Time. At last, *Mary* came and told me, that Don *Francisco* was come home, and that she thought he would come and see me very soon, and begged of me to prepare myself to receive him with all manner of Respect. At Seven in the Evening, Don
Francisco

Francisco came in his Night-gown and Cap, not with the Gravity of an Inquisitor, but with the Gaiety of an Officer. He saluted me with great Respect and Civility, and told me, he had designed to keep me Company at Supper, but could not that Night, having some Business of Consequence to finish in his Closet; and that his coming to see me was only out of the Respect he had for my Family, and to tell me at the same time, that some of my Lovers had procured my Ruin for ever, having accused me in Matters of Religion; that the Informations were allow'd, and Sentence pronounced against me, *To be burnt alive in a dry Pan, with a gradual Fire*; but that he, out of Pity and Love to my Family, had stopp'd the Execution of it. Each of these Words was a mortal Stab to my Heart, and not knowing what I was about, I threw myself at his Feet, and said, Signor, Have you stopp'd the Execution for ever? That, said he, belongs to you only to do, and with this he wish'd me a good Night. As soon as he was gone, I fell a crying; but *Mary* came and asked me, what could oblige me to cry so bitterly? Ah! good *Mary*, said I, pray tell me what is the Meaning of the *Dry Pan, and gradual Fire*? For I expect nothing but Death, and by that Manner of Punishment too. O Madam! never fear: You will see, another Day, the *Dry Pan, and gradual Fire*; but they are made for those that oppose the Holy Father's

ther's Will, not for you that are so ready to obey it. But pray, was Don *Francisco* very civil and obliging? I do not know, said I, for his Discourse has put me out of my Wits; this I know, that he saluted me with Respect and Civility, but he left me abruptly. Well, said *Mary*, you do not know his Temper; he is the most obliging Man in the World, if People are civil with him, and if not, he is as unmerciful as *Nero*; and so, for your own Preservation, take Care to oblige him in all Respects: Now, pray go to Supper, and be easy. I was so much troubled in Mind with the Thoughts of the *Dry Pan, and gradual Fire*, that I could neither eat nor sleep that Night. Early in the Morning, *Mary* got up, and told me, that no body was yet up in the House, and that she would shew me the *Dry Pan, and gradual Fire*, on Condition, that I should keep it secret for her sake and my own too; which having promis'd her, she took me along with her, and shew'd me a dark Room with a thick Iron Door, and within, an Oven, and a large Brass Pan upon it, with a Cover of the same, and a Lock to it. The Oven was burning at that Time, and I asked *Mary* for what Use that Pan was there? But, without giving me any Answer, she took me by the Hand, and led me out of that Place into a large Room, where she shewed me a thick Wheel covered on both Sides with thick Boards; and opening a little Window in the Center of
it,

it, desired me to look with a Candle into the Inside of it, and I saw all the Circumference of the Wheel set with sharp Razors. After that, she shewed me a Pit full of Serpents and Toads. Then, said she, My good Mistress, I'll now tell you the Use of these three Things. The *Dry Pan*, and *gradual Fire*, are for Hereticks, and those that oppose the Holy Fathers Will and Pleasure; for they are put all naked, and alive, into the Pan, and the Cover of it being locked up, the Executioner begins to put into the Oven a little Fire, which he augments gradually, till the Body is reduced to Ashes. The Second is designed for those that speak against the Pope and the Holy Fathers; for they are put within the Wheel, and the little Door being locked, the Executioner turns the Wheel, till the Person is dead. And the Third is for those that condemn the Images, and refuse to give the due Respect and Veneration to ecclesiastical Persons; for they are thrown into the Pit, and there they become the Food of Serpents and Toads. Then *Mary* told me, that, another Day, she would shew me the Torments for publick Sinners, and the Transgressors of the Five Commandments of our Holy Mother the Church; but being struck deep with the Horror of those I had seen, I desired her to shew me no more. So we went back to my Room, and she charged me again to be very obedient to all Don *Francisco's* Commands, other-

otherwise I might be assured I should undergo the Torment of the *Dry Pan*. Indeed, the Apprehensions of suffering so dreadful a Punishment, had so terrified me, that I told *Mary* I would follow her Advice, and comply with every thing Don *Francisco* should desire. If you are in that Disposition, said she, leave off all Fears and Apprehensions, and expect nothing but Pleasure and Satisfaction, and all Manner of Recreation, which you shall begin to experience this very Day. Now let me dress you, for you must go bid Don *Francisco* Good morrow, and breakfast with him. I thought this was some comfort to my Mind, and really an Honour done me; so I made all the Haste I could, and *Mary* conveyed me through a Gallery into Don *Francisco's* Apartment. He was still in Bed, and desired me to sit down by him, and ordered *Mary* to bring the Chocolate two Hours after; and with this she went out, and left me alone with him. He began immediately to declare his Inclination, and I having no room left for any Excuse, yielded to his Will, and, by extinguishing the Fire of his Passion, I was freed from the *gradual Fire, and dry Pan*, which was all that then troubled me. When *Mary* came with the Chocolate, I was very much ashamed to be seen in Bed with him, but she coming to that Side of the Bed where I was, kneeled down, and paid me Homage as if I had been a Queen. She served me first
with

with a Cup of Chocolate (being still on her Knees) and desired me to give another Cup to Don *Francisco*, which he received from me mighty graciously. Having drank up the Chocolate, she went out, and we discoursed a while of various things, but I never spoke a Word, except when he desired me to answer him. About Ten o'Clock, *Mary* came again, and dressing me, she desired me to go along with her; so leaving Don *Francisco* in Bed, she carried me into another Chamber very delightful, and better furnished than the first; for the Windows of it being lower, I had the Pleasure of seeing the River and Garden on the other Side of it. Then *Mary* told me, the other young Ladies of the House were to come before Dinner to welcome me, and would desire the Favour of my Company to dine with them. Pray, said she, remember the Advice I have given you already, and do not make yourself unhappy, by asking useless Questions. She scarce had done speaking, when I saw entering my Apartment (which consisted of a large Antichamber, and a Bedchamber, with two large Closets) a Troop of beautiful young Ladies, finely drest, who all successively embraced me, and wished me Joy. They put me so much out of Countenance, that I could not make any Reply to their Compliment: But one of them observing the Confusion I was in, said, Madam, the Solitude of this Place will affect you

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a little

a little at first; but when you have once been in our Company, and tasted the Pleasures of our Amusements and Diversions, you will quit that pensive Temper. We are now come to ask the Favour of your Company to dine with us to Day, and henceforward, three Days in every Week. I thanked them, and so we all went to Dinner. We had that Day all sorts of the most exquisite Dishes of Meat, with Variety of Fruits and Sweet-meats. The Room was very long, having two Tables on each Side, and one in the Front; and I reckoned there were Fifty-two young Ladies, the oldest not exceeding Twenty-four Years of Age. Six Maids served us all, but my *Mary* waited on me that Day. After Dinner, we went up Stairs into a long Gallery, with Lettice Windows all round it. There, some playing on the Musick, others at Cards, and some walking about, we spent three Hours together. At last, *Mary* came up, ringing a small Bell, which was the Signal to retire into our Rooms, as they told me; but *Mary* said, we were allowed that Day for Recreation, and might go into what Room we pleased till Eight o'Clock, and then we were to go to our own Chambers. Then all desiring Leave to go with me into my Apartment, to spend the Time there (and I was very glad they preferred my Chamber to another) we all went down together, and in the Antichamber found a Table covered with all sorts of Sweet-meats upon it,

Iced

Iced Cinnamon-water, Almond-milk, and the like. Every one eat and drank, but not a Word was spoke concerning the Sumptuousness of the Entertainment, nor the Inquisition of the Holy Fathers. So we spent our Time in merry Conversation till Eight o'Clock, when every one retiring to our own Rooms, *Mary* came to tell me, that *Don Francisco* waited for me; so we went to his Apartment, and Supper being ready, we sat alone at Table, attended by my Maid only. After Supper, *Mary* went away, and we to Bed, and next Morning she served us with Chocolate, which we drank in Bed, and then slept till Ten o'Clock. When we got up, my Waiting-maid conducted me into my Chamber, where I found ready two Suits of Cloaths of a rich Brocade, and every thing else suitable to a Lady of the first Rank. I put on one, and when I was quite drest, the young Ladies came to wish me a good Morrow, all drest in different Cloaths, and better than the Day before; and we spent the second and third Day in the same Recreation, *Don Francisco* continuing with me in the same manner. But the third Morning, after drinking Chocolate in Bed, as the Custom was for *Don Francisco* and me, *Mary* came and told me, that a Lady was waiting for me in her own Room, and bid me get up with an Air of Command; and *Don Francisco* saying nothing against it, I got up, and left him in Bed. I thought really

this had been to give some new Comfort and Diversion ; but I found myself much mistaken ; for *Mary* conveyed me into a young Lady's Room not eight Foot long, which was a perfect Prison, and there, before the Lady, told me, Madam, this is your Room, and this young Lady your Bedfellow and Comrade ; and left me there with this unkind Command. O Heavens ! thought I, what is this has happened to me ? I fancied myself out of Grief, but now I perceive only the Beginning of it. What is this Place, dear Lady, said I, is it an enchanted Palace, or Hell upon Earth ? I have lost Father and Mother, and what is worse, my Honour and my Soul for ever. My new Companion seeing me like a Mad-woman, took me by the Hands, and said to me, Dear Sister (for this is the Name I will give you henceforth) leave off your Grief and Vexation ; for you can do nothing by such extravagant Complaints, but heap Coals upon your Head, or, rather *under your Body*. Your Misfortunes and ours are exactly of a Piece ; you suffer nothing that we have not suffered before you ; but we are afraid of revealing our Sorrows, lest that should be a Means of encreasing them. Pray take good Courage, and hope in God, for he will find a way to deliver us out of this hellish Place : But, above all things, take Care not to shew any Uneasiness before *Mary*, who is the only Instrument of our Torment, or Comfort, and have

have Patience till we go to Bed, and then, without any Fear, I will tell you more of the Matter. We do not dine with the other Ladies to Day, and it may be we shall have an Opportunity of talking before Night, which I hope will be of some Comfort to you. I was in a most desperate Condition ; but my new Sister *Leonora* (that was her Name) prevailed so much upon me, that I overcame my Vexation, before *Mary* came with our Dinner, which was very indifferent, compared with what I had three Days before. After Dinner, another Maid came to take away the Plate and Knife (for we had but one for us both) and locked the Door. Now, my Sister, said *Leonora*, we need not fear being disturbed till Eight at Night : So, I may safely instruct you, if you promise me upon your Hopes of Salvation, to keep secret (while you are in this House) all that I shall tell you. I threw myself down at her Feet, and promised Secrecy ; then she began. My dear Sister, you think your own Case very hard ; but I can assure you, all the Ladies here have undergone the same, and, in time, you shall hear all their Stories, as they expect to do yours. I suppose, *Mary* has been the chief Instrument of terrifying you, as she was of us ; and I need not question but she has shewn you the *Tortures*. I know that Don *Francisco* has been your *Nero* ; for the three Colours of our Cloaths are the distinguishing Banners, or Ensigns of the three

Holy Fathers. The Red Silk belongs to Don *Francisco*, the Blue to *Gnerrero*, and the Green to *Aliaga*; and it is the Custom, to give the Ladies they bring hither, these three Colours for the first three Days. We are strictly commanded, during that time, to be very merry, and shew all Demonstrations of Joy, when a young Lady is brought hither, as we did with you, and you must hereafter do with others; but, after that, we live like Prisoners, without seeing any Soul but the six Maids and *Mary*, who is the House-keeper. We dine in the Hall three Days a Week, and the rest in our own Rooms. When any of the Fathers has a Mind for one of his Slaves, *Mary* comes for her at Nine o'Clock, and conveys her to his Apartment: But, as there are so many, it does not come in Turn perhaps once a Month, except to such as have the Honour to give them more than ordinary Satisfaction; those are sent for very often. Some Nights, *Mary* leaves the Doors of our Rooms open, which is a Sign, that one of the Fathers has a Mind to come that Night; but he comes so silent, that we cannot distinguish whether it is our own Patron, or not. If one of us happen to be with Child, she is removed into a better Chamber, and sees no body but the Maid, till she is delivered. The Child is taken away, and we do not know where it is carried. *Mary* suffers no Quarrels between us, and if any one happens to be trouble-

troublesome, she is severely chastised for it; so that we are always in Fear of offending. I have been here six Years. When the Officers took me from my Father's House, I was about Fourteen Years old, and I have had one Child. We are at present Fifty-two young Ladies. Every Year we lose Six or Eight of our Number; but do not know what becomes of them; but we have still a fresh Supply, and sometimes I have seen Seventy-three in the House, at one time. Our greatest Perplexity is, the Suspicion we have, that when the Fathers become tired of any one, they put her to Death. And this cannot be looked upon as groundless, if you consider, that they will never run the Hazard of being detected in these Villainies, by sending any of us out of the House. Since then we cannot help submitting to their Commands, we must resign ourselves to God, by fervent Prayer to him and his blessed Mother, to forgive us those Sins we are compelled to commit against our Inclinations, and to preserve us from Death in this House. So, dear Sister, arm yourself with Patience, and trust in him who will be our only Defender and Deliverer.

This Discourse of *Leonora* gave me some Ease, and I found every thing as she had told me. We had lived about Eighteen Months together, in which time we lost Eleven, and got Nineteen new Ladies; when *Mary* came one Night, and ordered us to follow her. When

we

we were got down Stairs, she bade us go into a Coach; then we thought our Lives at an End. We left the House, but whether we were carried, we knew not, till we were put into another House and Room worse than the first: There we were confined above two Months, without seeing any of the Holy Fathers, or *Mary*, or any of our Companions; and in the same manner we were removed from that House to another, where we continued, till we were miraculously delivered by some *French* Officers.

One Mr. *Faulcaut*, happily for me! opened the Door of my Room, and, as soon as he saw me, began to shew great Civilities, and took me and *Leonora* along with him to his Lodgings, and after he had heard our whole Story, fearing we might be discovered, he contrived the next Day to send us to his Father; and for our greater Safety, we were dressed in Mens Cloaths. I was kept there two Years, as the Daughter of the old Gentleman, when Mr. *Faulcaut's* Regiment happening to be broke, he came home, and two Months after married me, and *Leonora* was married to another Officer, and lives now in *Orleans*.

C H A P. II.

The Adventure of Massetto, who being entertained as Gardener to a Monastery of Nuns, feigned himself dumb, and by that means enjoyed them, and, at last, the Abbess herself.

IT is a great Mistake to think, that, as soon as a young Girl has put on the Veil, she has neither Passions nor Desires left, and breathes nothing but Piety and Devotion. The Heart cannot be changed so easily as the Habit. A monastical and secluded Life often produces worse Effects in a Cloister, than we find in the wide World; for those who live abroad having more Reason to be wary of their Reputations, so they are generally more careful to avoid whatever may seem to reflect upon it. It is a very ill way of arguing, my Daughter is in religious Orders, therefore she is a Saint. There was formerly, and still is in a certain Country, a Convent of young Women (which I forbear to name) highly celebrated for their Piety. They were but Eight in Number, besides the Abbess. They had an old Gardener, who not being satisfied with his Wages, would serve them no longer, but reckoned with their Steward, and retired to the Village where he was born. All his Neighbours were very glad to see him, and welcomed him home; and among others, *Massetto*, a sturdy

sturdy young Fellow, and well made for Country Labour, who asked him where he had been all this while? The old Man answered, That he had lived with these Nuns. And what was your Business there, says *Massetto*? To look after a large fine Garden, replies the old Man, and sometimes to bring them Wood. I liked my Business well enough, but they gave me such pitiful Wages, that it would hardly buy me Shoes; besides, they are all young, and devilish wanton. They would all fain be Mistresses, and what pleased one, displeased another. In short, they often made me at my Wits End. Their Steward, when I came away, desired me to send somebody in my Place; but may Heaven renounce me, if ever I send any one amongst such a Parcel of *She-Devils*. *Massetto* was very well pleased with this Discourse, and thought within himself, that he might make it turn to his Advantage, yet judged it convenient to conceal his Design from the old Man, and told him, that he had done well to leave them; for Women, (at least the Generality of them) knew not what they would have themselves. The old Man being gone, *Massetto* began to consider how he might bring the Matter about. He did not at all scruple the Service (for he was satisfied he could perform that) but being very brisk and young, he was afraid they would not entertain him on that Account. At last, he thought of a Stratagem which

which succeeded very well. The Monastery being at a good Distance from the Village where he lived, and he unknown to any Person thereabouts, he resolved to offer himself to them, and feigned being dumb. He went thither with his Spade, and luckily met the Steward in the Court, to whom he made Signs, as if he were very hungry ; and made him understand, that if he had any Business to employ him about Wood, he was willing and able to undertake it. The Steward gave him Victuals, and afterwards shewed him some old Stumps of Trees, which he soon cleft asunder. Then he took him to the Wood, and made Signs for him to cut some down, and carry to the Convent. The Steward having a great deal of Business to do, and being well pleased with this dumb Man, set him to Work for several Days. The Abbess having seen him, asked who he was ? The Steward answered, A poor dumb Fellow, that came hither t'other Day a begging, whom I have employed to do several things for the Use of the House : I like him very well, and if he does but understand Gardening, and will live with us, I believe he will prove a very good Servant ; for he seems to be very willing to do any thing, and we have now great Occasion for a Gardener. Although he is a lusty Fellow, yet the Sisters will receive no Scandal, on account of his Imperfection. You say well, says the Abbess, go and see if he knows

knows how to work, and is able to hold it ; if he be, we will give him some old Shoes, and other Necessaries. There was never any one more desirous of Rest, than *Massetto* was to work. The Steward asked him by Signs, if he was willing to stay in the Convent ? And *Massetto* gave him to understand, that he desired nothing more. Although these Sisters were not all very handsome, they all were very young and good-humoured, and went often into the Garden to see *Massetto* work, and took Delight in playing unlucky Tricks with him. The Abbess believing every thing about him to be like his Tongue, was never concerned at it. One Day, he had been hard at Work, and was lain down to rest himself, when two young Nuns seeing him in that Posture, stood still to view him : Sister, says one of them, what a Thought comes into my Head ? What do you think of carrying this foolish Fellow into an Arbour, to know how we were begot ? What a wicked Thing do you talk of, says the other ? Have you forgot your Vows of Chastity ? We make a great many other Vows, replied she, that we never keep. But what if we should prove with Child ? says the other. Do not let us trouble ourselves about that, says she ; if it should be so, we shall have Time enough to conceal it ; let us not lose the present Opportunity. We have to do with a Man that must keep Counsel, whether he will or not, and up-

on that Account, we not fear a Discovery. Every Body in the Convent was asleep at that time; the Arbour was thick and shady; but to prevent Surprize, they thought it convenient for one to stand Centinel, whilst the other kept *Massetto* Company. So, having agreed the Matter, one goes to wake him: But he not being so fast asleep as they thought, and guessing at their Meaning, presently started up, and went into the Arbour, where the dumb Man pleased them both so well, that they never missed visiting the Arbour every Day.

Some of the other Sisters perceiving the Intrigue, resolved presently to acquaint the Abbess with it; but, upon second Thoughts, they had a Mind rather to have some Share with the others. And thus, in a little time, *Massetto* had obliged the whole Convent. The Lady Abbess was the last, who perceiving the Care the dumb Man took of her Nuns, was desirous to have her Share, being as much in Need as any of the rest. She took him boldly to her own Chamber, and kept him there so long, that all the Sisters made great Complaints, that their Gardener did not come to Work.

They were all equally desirous of his Company, but the Abbess often interposed her Authority, and kept him with her as long as he was fit for any thing. At last, *Massetto* grew weary of so much Business, and began to think

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he had acted the dumb Man long enough : And being one Day with the Abbess, who urged him to do more than he was able, he broke out on a sudden, saying, Madam, One Cock may serve Ten Hens, but Ten Men can hardly satisfy One Woman : What an hard Task then have I, who have Nine to please ? Pray, Madam, either abate of my Labour, or give me Leave to go Home.

The Abbess hearing a Man speak, whom she supposed to be dumb, cried out, A Miracle ! A Miracle ! and assembled the whole Convent, who, instead of dismissing *Massetto*, gave out, that by the Power of their Fastings and Prayers, they had recovered a dumb Man to his Speech ; so they made him their Steward in the room of the other, who died much about that Time. Every one of them then confessed that which they could no longer conceal : And *Massetto* being afterwards well fed and paid, did as much as he could, and left others to do the rest.

C H A P. III.

The pleasant Adventure of a Carmelite Fryar and his Gallant ; together with his Letter and her Answer.

FOR the better understanding of this Story, the Reader must be acquainted, that the Italian Dames are kept up worse than Slaves, and have not so much as the Liberty of their own Houses, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. The Custom is to lock them up in the Garrets ; which, for that Reason, they call the Womens Apartment. Whenever they have a Mind to buy any Thing that is cried along the Streets, or give an Alms to any poor Body, they have Baskets, which they fasten to a great Rope, and let them down to give or receive what they please.

A Fryar *Carmelite*, who was making his Quest (a general Word to express Begging) in Honour of the little *Scapulary*, was waiting under the Window of a Dame of Quality, for the Descent of some Alms ; the Gentlewoman, it seems, having too great a Kindness for him to send him away empty, conveyed down to him, in her Basket, a great white Loaf, which the good Fryar was reaching out his Arms to receive, when two *Frenchmen* coming by, that were almost famished, proving nimbler than he, disappointed him of his Prey ; for one of them

having rudely pushed the Fryar across the Street, the other laid hold of the Basket, and taking out what was in it, they both betook themselves to their Heels. The *Carmelite*, conscious of his Guilt, and resolved to get the Loaf into his own Hands, fell running after them with all Speed, crying out, *Stop the Thieves, Stop the Thieves*: Whereupon the People soon stopped them, supposing they had stolen something of Value; but the poor Wretches gave good Evidence, that nothing less than extreme Hunger had put them upon this Attempt; for, without being moved or scared at the Uproar made about them, he who had stole the Loaf broke it in two, and gave the one Half of it to his Companion. As this was doing, some Papers dropt out of it into the Street, which an *Italian* immediately snatched up; and the *Carmelite*, who, till then, had expressed such Earnestness to have his Loaf again, slipped away through the Crowd, without making any farther Enquiries about it.

The Spectators were every one curious to know the Contents of these Papers, and the *Italian*, to avoid the Throng of People, retired to an Inn, where, after he had read them by himself, he communicated them for a notable Piece of Gallantry, to all that desired to hear them. There were two Letters, the one inclosed in the other, whereof one was the Fryar *Carmelite's* Letter, and the other contained the Lady's

Lady's Answer. The *Carmelite's* was as follows.

"DEVOUT Soul of the great Mother of *Venus*,
 " give an Alms to a poor Fryar: Vouch-
 " safe to me, I pray you, for Charity, a Look,
 " a Smile, a Kiss; some little thing or other,
 " for the Sake of that dear little God *Cupid*."

At the Bottom of this Letter, he desired the Lady, that she would be pleased to honour him with a Word in Answer, and to send him back his own Letter, as well to set his Heart at Rest, in that regard, as that she might not be exposed to any Surprise from her Husband. The Lady's Answer had an Air of Gallantry not inferior to the Fryar's Letter. It is as follows.

Dear Father,

"THE Favour you demand being poor in
 " itself, I think I may grant it, without
 " lessening the Esteem I bear for your Person,
 " which is very pleasing to me, though at so
 " great a Distance. I do allow you from this
 " Moment, to study the best Means you can to
 " come at me: As for the burning your Let-
 " ter, it would be unkind to burn the first
 " Fruits of your Love towards me: I believe
 " I may confide in you, as to the Care of my
 " Letter, lest it should fall into the Hands of
 " my Tyrant Husband. May the God *Cupid*

“ be kind to me, by inspiring your Heart with
 “ a Love equal to mine for you : And you may
 “ depend upon the Constancy and Honour of

Your S L A V E.

“ *P. S.* Pray let me see you To-morrow,
 “ that I may relieve you with something worth
 “ your Acceptance.”

Though these Letters seemed to be pleasant enough, yet the more understanding virtuous of those who heard them read, and could not but express something of Horror, to see Wickedness covering itself with the Pretext of Godliness, and stalking up and down in the Disguise of a Habit so holy in outward Appearance. They sent out some Persons several Ways, to look for the Fryer, but they could not meet with him; only they learnt at a House where he had lodged three or four Days before, that he was one of the Great Convent, of the *Carmelites* in *Naples*, but they could never find him; and thus ended this pleasant Adventure.

C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Image of the Virgin Mary, and the Manner of her dancing with a Fryar.

THE Image is called *La Aurora* (i. e. the Morning, or Day-break) in the Convent of *Franciscan Fryers* called, *Jesus of the Bridge*, of the City of *Saragossa*. This Image was in great Veneration some Years ago, and the Lay Brethren of that Convent were very much respected by all the People of that City, because they had given out, that there was always one Lay Brother in that Convent so godly, that he was in high Esteem and Favour with the Virgin *de la Aurora*; but unhappily for that Image, for the Convent, and for the Lay Brethren of it! For one of them, who was Clerk of the Chapel of the Virgin, gave out, in the City, that on her Festival Day, which was the *Tuesday* after *Easter*, the Image was to dance with him after Evening Songs were over. This uncommon Miracle excited the Curiosity of almost all the Inhabitants of the City to meet there at the fixed Time; but the crafty Fryers knowing that the twentieth Part of the People could not see it, upon second Thoughts, spread a Report, that the Miracle was to be continued for eight Days, or, as they say, all the Days of the *Octava* of the Virgin: So the first and second Days were appointed for the Noblemen

men and Ladies, and the rest for Tradesmen and common People.

When the Day was come, and the Evening Songs over, the Image of the Virgin was in the Middle of the Altar of her Chapel, in a small gilt Chapel, richly drest, and all the Altars round about full of Wax Candles. Before the Altar, a Scaffold was set up for the Musick, and for the Lay Brother. So, when the Church was full of People, the Farther Guardian made the Signal to the Brother to begin to dance *las Folias*; i. e. the Follies with the Castanets, or cracking of the Fingers. The Fryar danced a long while, without being accompanied by the Image: The People began to say the Lay Brother was a Cheat, which being heard by him, he fell down upon his Knees, and began to cry bitterly, and complain to the Image thus in a whinin Tone: "Hear, young *Madona*, do "not make me pass for a Cheat; you know "very well what you promised me one Night, "when I was combing out the Wig that my "Cousin gave you. Hear, do you remember? "you say nothing? Then by this holy Cross "you shall pay for it. Now, I will ask you to "be as good as your Word twice more, and if "you will expose me to be laughed at by the "People that are here present, by my Faith I "will swear that you are the Cheat, and every "body will believe me, and none for the future will care for you." O what Joy was it

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to the Fryar and the People, to see the Image make a Reverence to the Brother! "Now, said he, you are an honest Woman, come let us dance the *Folias*, and let every one here present know, that you perform whatever you promise." The Image began really to turn round about, for the Space of three Minutes. A reverent Silence was kept in the Church, and all were surprized to see so wonderful a Miracle, no body daring to say a Word, but the good Brother, who, when the Image ceased from her Motions, turning to the People, said, "Now you see the great Esteem this Image has for me, and because I love the Inhabitants of *Saragossa*, as my own Life, I will ask a Favour from my Image for them; which, if she refuseth, I have done with her. These are the Keys of her Treasure, and let her hire another Servant, for I am sure no body can be so faithful as I have been to her. Ay, she will think on it, before she loseth me! Now, the Favour that I beg of you for my Fellow-Citizens of *Saragossa*, (turning to the Image) is, That you will take the Name of every one that comes, and offers you the Charity of one Mass only (for I would not have them pay too dear for this Favour) and enter it in the Book of eternal Life. Now, let me see what Answer she gives me. Will you grant them this Favour?" Then the Image

Image lifted up, and bowed down its Head ; at which Signal the People cried out, *Viva, viva la Virgin de la Aurora* : Let the Virgin of the Morning live ; or, Long live the Virgin of *Aurora*. This Miracle was immediately divulged through the whole City, and for the six following Days the Church was crowded with People, from Morning till the Dance of *Folias* was ended. But the Inquisitors finding the thing something odd, they sent their Secretary to the Convent at Midnight, with Order to take up the Lay Brother, and search the Image ; which being done accordingly, he found an Instrument to move the Image with, which came down under the Altar-Table, where another Lay Brother turned the Instrument. So the Cheat was found out, but to a late ; for, in the six Days the Image Harlequin danced, the Fryers got Four Thousand Pieces of Eight for Masses, as the Father Guardian of the Convent did own to the Inquisitors ; and all that was inflicted on the two Lay Brothers for this Crime, was to send them into another Convent in the Country. The Convent lost a great deal by this Discovery, for the People never went near it since ; and the Community, that was formerly composed of an Hundred Fryers, is now reduced to Thirty in all. This Dance of the *Spanish* Follies, or rather, the Follies of that Dance (for one Fool made many) happened in the
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the Year 1705, of which the Relator was an Eye-witness, having gone two several times to see that *Wonder of Wonders*, as the Fryers then used to call it.

CHAP. V.

The Adventure of Isabella with a Fryar, who, under Pretence of making an Oblation of her Virginity to the B. Virgin, debauched her before an Altar, at Thirteen Years old.

I Was born at Sora, in the *Abruzzo*, of Parents not very eminent for Fortune or Birth; yet my Father's Employment was sufficient to give me a genteel Education.

I am of Opinion, there is some Impulse of Nature, or Influence of the Stars, which pushes some more than others on the Confines of *Venus*. I confess, I did not know what it was that Men and Women were joined for; yet, by that time I was turned of Twelve, I had a great Inclination to Marriage; that is, I had a mighty Mind to a Husband. To this End, I frequented the Convent of the Fryers, where my Mother, and all our Family, ever chose their Confessors, to pray to the Virgin *Mary* to send me a good Husband, according to my Desire. I had continued this Prayer almost a Year, when finding no Effect of all my Orisons, I began to suspect I had made a sinful Demand, and full
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of this Fear I applied myself to my Confessor, a grave, old, religious Fryar in Appearance, but, in Effect, without either Religion or Gravity.

He finding my Simplicity, told me, he would pray to the Virgin to know her Will in that Particular, and ordered me to come to Confession again in a Day or two, and he would give me her Answer. I was over joyed in my Mind, that I had so good an Advocate in my Cause, and was punctual to a Minute, to know the Result. When I came to him in the Confessional, " Cease, said he, my pretty little Daughter, to ask a Husband of the Blessed Virgin *Mary*, who being herself a Maid, will " have you have no Husband at all." Since you tell me, replied I, that it is the Will of the Blessed Virgin, I will give and dedicate my Virginity to Heaven. The good Father commended my pious Resolution, and told me, the Virgin had ordered I should dedicate it to her in some Church. I then replied, since the Virgin had commanded so, his Church seemed to be the fittest for the Oblation. " I approve " of your Devotion, my good Daughter, said " he, and now therefore depart in Peace, and " return in the Morning, for this Night I will " spend in Prayer to our Lady, that she would " vouchsafe to ratify the Dedication of thy " Virginity; and having washed your Body all " clean in the Morning, and put on clean
" Linen,

“Linen, return to me ; for it’s not lawful for
 “any thing unclean to be offered to the Virgin
 “by her Priests. Take care to be here in good
 “time, and alone ; for there are to be no Wit-
 “nesses of the Consecration of those things of
 “which the Virgin takes Possession.”

Returning in the Morning full of Devotion to the Virgin, he led me to his Cell ; where, on an Altar, I saw a Crucifix surrounded with abundance of Wax Candles, and, above all, a Picture of our Lady. The Door being fastened, we both joined in Prayer, and sung some Hymns to the Virgin, when both rising up, “My Daughter, says he, you must now take
 “off your upper Garment, to consecrate it to
 “our Lady :” Which having, by his Help performed, with all the Form of Devotion, praying, and he singing Hymns all the while ; he then ordered me to pull off the next, and so till I was now come to my Shift. I was a little surprized, in spite of my Ignorance ; but the Formality of the Ceremony, and the Gravity of his Aspect, together with a mighty Opinion of his Piety, lulled asleep all Suspicion of foul Play ; and I really believed this was the peculiar Order of the Church, since performed in such Solemnity, before the Crucifix and the Picture of the Blessed Virgin. Being now only covered with my Shift, blushing all over, my Eyes being quite shut with Fear and Devotion, he then told me, I must pull off my

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Shift too; for the Virgin and the Saints being all without Cloaths, would have nothing offered to them, but what was quite naked: But I could not, with all his Threats, be prevailed with to do that Office myself, but suffered him to take it away, who left me quite naked to his View; when, having said another Prayer, and sung an Hymn, he approached me very close, and pressing my Breasts with his trembling Fingers, "These precious little Balls, said he, are thus offered to my Church and her Patroness." Then running over my Cheeks, all blushing hot as Fire, approaching my Mouth, "This, said he, my Daughter, must be taken Possession of only by the Mouth:" Then kissing me three times, "And these ruby Lips are an Offering to my Church." Thence having passed from my Bosom to my Belly, and making Seizure of them, as Offerings to his Church, he ordered me to kneel down before the Altar, and say after him these Words. "O ever-glorious Virgin, I here offer thee my Virginitie and my naked Body, to be taken Possession of by this thy Minister and Servant." Then, after a short Hymn, he ordered me to lye down at the Foot of the Altar, where my Virginitie must be offered to our Lady. In Obedience to his Order, I laid me down on my Face, in that humble Posture to offer myself up to the Virgin, when he kneeling by me, and sitting himself

self for the cursed Encounter, with unheard of Impiety, making Religion the Pimp to his Lust, he run his Hand gently over my back Parts, and took those into his Church. Then, with some struggling, he turned me upon my Back, and pressing my Thighs and Arms with the same Formality and seeming Devotion, "O Holy Virgin, said he, who hast with so much Beauty adorned this thy Votary, formed these tremulous Thighs! this firm round Belly; these small round taper Arms and Fingers, with so much Angelick Symmetry, Proportion and Softness; behold this thy little Handmaid, and rejoice in the Possession of such a Servant." Having said this three times, and casting his Eye now to the Scene of all his Action, and the Distinction to the Sex: "And this, my Daughter, I must seize with my Hand, as the Gate to that Offering which you come to make to the Blessed Virgin; and, as the Mouth was only to be taken Possession of by the Mouth, so must this be by what can only deliver the Offering you have brought." I struggled some time, and urged, that he certainly exceeded his Commission; but denouncing terrible Anathema's, he told me, it would be Impiety to carry back from the Virgin, the very Thing I came to immolate to her; as I must needs do, unless I left my Maidenhead with him. Vanquished by these Reasons, and a sort of un-

known Pleasure raised by his artful Approaches, I suffered him at last, betwixt Struggling and Consent, to take entire Possession of my Person. The first Encounter being over, I was going to dress me; but e'er I got my Shift on, he seized it with this Assurance, That, as the Mouth was taken Possession of by three Kisses, so must my Virginity by as many Embraces. The first Fear being over, and thinking it my Duty, and the Pleasure its Reward, he easily made me comply, till a great Part of the Day being now wasted in this new Sort of Sacrifice, dressing myself as well as I could, he dismissed me, with an Order of repeating the same Exorcism the next Day. In short, he cultivated his Ground in such a Manner, that in a little Time I found myself with Child. I informed him of my Condition, and asked his Advice as well as Assistance. He amused me with Words, till finding the Secret must come out, he left *Sora*, and went to some Convent of the same Order, at the farther End of *Italy*.

My Condition was now no longer to be concealed; my Mother soon made the Discovery, and flew into such a Rage, that had not my Father intervened, I believe that Day would have been my last; but he loving me more tenderly than my Mother, took me aside, and having fully examined the Matter, gave Credit to my Account, and vowed certain Revenge on the impious and treacherous Fryar, if he could
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by any means learn to what Convent he was fled ; But for fear my Mother should treat me too harshly, he sent me to a Friend in the Country, not far from a *Villa* of the Dukes of *Sora*, where I was delivered of a dead Child, the Fright my Mother put me into having killed it in the Womb. I had, after a hard Travel, some Months of Illness, insomuch that my Life was despaired of ; for, by the Indiscretion of the People, the News of my Father's unfortunate Death was brought to my Ears, while I yet laboured under the Power of a Distemper not easily removed. He had, it seems, with indefatigable Industry, found out the Fryar, and stabbed him to the Heart ; but being seized by the Fryars, and prosecuted for the Fact, he was executed at *Padua*. The News of it broke my Mother's Heart, and had very near dispatched me in the same manner : But Youth and Destiny preserved me for a happier End.

C H A P. VI.

Account of the merry Adventure of Gelding Father Lawrence, a Jesuit, at Avignon.

AT *Avignon*, a large City in *Italy*, lived a Jesuit named Father *Lawrence*, who, among the rest of his She-Penitents, was a little too intimate with a pretty Hostess. They often had amorous Affairs together ; but, at

last, whether for want of Caution, or mere Jealousy in the Husband, they were not a little suspected by *Mine Host*, of *Cornuting his Forehead*. One time, just as they were getting off the Bed, she was heard to say (hugging and kissing him at the same time) "Are you sure of your Man? Can you trust him with the Treasure of my Life? Will he not actually do what he only pretends to dissemble, the better to deceive my Husband, and make our Conversation agreeable and easy? Should my dull Drudge suspect you only meant to amuse him, I fear he would try the Honesty of *Martino*. I am afraid a Surgeon has not Honesty enough, to refuse a Bribe to betray his Trust: But however that be, I wish you could have thought of some Way less dangerous, to remove my Husband's Jealousy." No, dear *Angel*, said the Priest, *I have sufficiently secured Martino by a Bribe which thy Husband will scarce out-bid, did he know our Intrigue; so much better does he love Money than Revenge! He's too good a Christian, poor Soul! to bear Malice; at least, where the Execution of it will prove expensive.*

Having ended the Discourse, and their amorous Dalliance, she dismissed the Priest by a secret Communication between the House and Stables, and returned to her Guests. It was but a short Space before the Priest, who had been so familiar with the Landlady, came into
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the Room where the Guests were, with several others, among whom was a Surgeon called *Martino*. The Host and Wife, and some more of the Family, with all the Guests, being present, the Priest began this formal Harangue.

" You my loved Neighbours, and you my
 " Kinsfolks that are present, shall be Witnesses
 " of my Doings. It is said, *If thine Eye be a*
 " *Scandal, pluck it out*, and that those are happy
 " who make themselves *Eunuchs* for the King-
 " dom of Heaven. Now, it has been my Mis-
 " fortune to incur the Suspicion of our Host, in
 " relation to his virtuous Consort, my *Penitent* ;
 " being therefore resolved to remove all Cause
 " of Uneasiness, Quarrel, or Ill-will, by taking
 " away the Grounds and Cause of Suspicion ;
 " so that hereafter my good *Penitent* and I may
 " converse with all the Freedom of two of the
 " same Sex : I have already made my Will,
 " and disposed of my temporal and spiritual
 " Affairs, and as a good honest Man should do,
 " heartily forgive all my Enemies : Particular-
 " ly, I declare, that it was not only by my Con-
 " sent, but my Desire, that my honest Friend
 " *Martino* the Surgeon undertook this Opera-
 " tion upon me ; and therefore, if any thing
 " happens amiss, or otherwise than the Skill of
 " so great an Artist might promise, he has my
 " hearty Forgiveness before all the Company."

The Company were some surprized, and some concerned at what the Priest said ; but the

the Strangers and Travellers could not well tell what he meant, till being disrobed, and bound fast Head and Foot, the Surgeon took out his Tools, and went to Work. The Priest was not fond of parting with his Witnesses, but had made a secret Bargain with the Surgeon, only to make a Flourish, and pretend that he had perfectly gelt him. But the Husband, who had good Reason to suspect his Familiarity with his Wife, secretly gave the Surgeon double the Money, to go thorough-stitch with his Work, and to make the Priest an Eunuch indeed; by that means to punish him, not only for the Injury he had already done him, but to prevent the like for the future.

The Priest lying now at his Mercy, whose Money he had already received, the Temptation of a double Fee soon determined him, at one Stroke, to shave him so close, that he spoiled his Rutting for ever after; giving for a Reason, that he did not use to make a Jest of his Profession. The Priest swooned away, the disconsolate Dame did the like; but the Husband and Company were very well pleased with the Operation.

C H A P. VII.

A Short Account of the Inquisition, and its Practice.

IN the Time of King *Ferdinand V.* and Queen *Isabella*, the Mixture of *Jews* and *Moors* with *Christians* was so great, the Relapses of the new Converts so frequent, and the Corruption in Matters of Religion so barefaced among all Sorts and Conditions of People, that as the Cardinal of *Spain* thought the introducing of the Inquisition would be the only Method to stop the Progress of Vice and Immorality; so likewise, for a Cure of the Irreligion of those Times, the Inquisition was established in 1471, in the Court, and many other Parts of *Spain*.

The Cardinal's Design in procuring this Tribunal, was only to suppress Heresies, and chastise many horrible Impieties, as, Blasphemy, Sodomy, Polygamy, Sorcery, Sacrilege, and many others, which are also punishable in these Kingdoms by the Prerogative Court, but not after a Manner so barbarous as the Inquisition doth. The Design of the Cardinal was commendable, being in itself good, and approved by all the serious and devout People of that Time; but the Use made of it was not so, as will appear immediately.

I shall only speak of the Inquisition of *Saragossa*; for, as I am treating of Matters of Fact, I may

I may tell with Confidence what I know, as an Eye-witness, of several Things done there. This Tribunal is composed of three Inquisitors, who are absolute Judges, and from whose Judgment there is no Appeal, not even to the Pope himself, nor to a General Council ; as doth appear from what happened in the Time of *Phillip II.* when the Inquisitors having censured the Cardinal of *Toledo*, the Pope sent for the Process and Sentence, but the Inquisitors did not obey him ; and though the Council of *Trent* acquitted the Cardinal, they, notwithstanding, insisted on the Performance and Execution of their Sentence.

The first Inquisitor is a Divine, the second a Casuist, and the third a Civilian. The first and second are always Priests, and promoted from Prebends to the high Dignity of being Holy Inquisitors. The third sometimes is not a Priest, though he wears the Clerical Habit. The three Inquisitors of my time were, Don *Pedro Guerrero*, Don *Francisco Torrejon*, and Don *Antonio Aliaga*. This Tribunal hath a High Sheriff, and God knows how many Officers, besides those that belong to the House, and live in it. They have likewise an Executioner, or, we may say, so many Executioners as Officers and Judges. Besides these, there are many *Qualificators* and *Familiars*.

The Inquisitors have a despotick Power to command every living Soul ; and no Excuse is
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to be given, nor Contradiction to be made to their Orders; nay, the Persons have not the Liberty to speak, nor complain in their Misfortunes; and therefore there is a Proverb which says, *Con la Inquisition chiton*: Do not meddle with the Inquisition; or, as to the Inquisition say nothing. This will be better understood by the following Account of the Method they make use of, for the taking up, and arresting People; which is thus.

When the Inquisitors receive an Information against any Body (which is always in private, and with such Secrecy, that none can know who the Informer is, for all the Informations are given in at Night) they send their Officers to the House of the Accused, most commonly at Midnight, and in a Coach. They knock at the Door (and then all the Family is in Bed) and when somebody asks from the Window, *Who is there? The Holy Inquisition*. At these Words, the Person who asks the Question, without Noise or Delay, or even the Liberty of giving Notice to the Master of the House, comes down to open the Door: For when the Inquisitors send the Officers, they are assured by their Spies, that the Person is within Doors; and if they do not find the Accused, they take up the whole Family, and carry them to the Inquisition: So that the Person who speaks to them is with good Reason afraid of making any Delay in opening the Street-Door. Then they

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go up Stairs, and arrest the Accused, without telling a Word, or hearing a Word from any of the Family, and putting him silently into the Coach, they drive away to the Holy Prison. If the Neighbours by Chance hear the Noise of the Coach, they dare not go to the Window ; for it is well known, that no other Coach, but that of the Inquisition, is abroad at that Time of the Night. Nay, they are so much afraid, that they dare not even ask their Neighbours, the next Morning, any thing about it ; for those who talk of any thing that the Inquisition doth, are liable to undergo the very same Punishment, and perhaps too the Night following. So, if the Accused be a Daughter, Son or Father, and some Friends or Relations go in the Morning to see that Family, and ask the Occasion of their Tears and Grief, they answer that their Daughter was stolen away the Night before ; or, that the Son, Father or Mother (or whoever be the Prisoner) did not come home the Night before, and that they suspect he was murdered. This Answer they give, because they cannot tell the Truth, without exposing themselves to the same Misfortune : And not only this, but they cannot go to the Inquisition, to enquire for the Prisoner, for they would be confin'd for that alone. So, all the Comfort the Family can have in such a Case, is to imagine, that the Prisoner is in *China*, or some other remote Part of the World. This is
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the Reason why nobody knows the Persons that are in the Inquisition, till the Sentence is published and executed, except those Priests and Fryars who are summoned to hear the Tryal.

The *Qualificators* and *Familiars*, which are in the City and Country, in Cases of Necessity, have full Power to secure any Person they suspect, with the same Secrecy, and to commit him to the nearest Commissary of the *Holy Office of the Inquisition*, who is to take Care to send him safely to the Prison; and this is all done by Night, and without the least Fear that the People should rescue the Prisoner, nay, or even talk of it.

C H A P. VIII.

Account of a merry Trick which some Students in the University of Saragossa put upon one of their Officers.

THE Rector of the University of Saragossa has his own Officers to arrest the Scholars, and punish them, if they commit any Crime. Among their Officers was one *Guadalaxara*, who was mighty officious and troublesome to the Collegians or Students; for, upon the least Trifle in the World, he would arrest any of them. The Scholars, on this Account, hated him, and were always contriving how they should plague him, or put some comical

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Trick

Trick upon him. At last, it was agreed, that Six of the lustiest among them should be at the Bottom of the University Steeple in the Evening, and Six more in the Bellfrey, who were to let down a lusty young Fellow by a strong Rope, on their hearing of the Word *War*, which was to be the Signal. So, the Scholars who were in the Yard, and those at the Bottom of the Steeple, took Occasion to quarrel, in order to bring *Guadalaxara* thither; which had the desired Effect: For he had no sooner come and arrested one, but they cried out, *War*; whereupon those in the Bellfrey let down the Scholar, who immediately grasping *Guadalaxara* in his Arms, and the Six pulling the Rope at the same Time, he carried him up almost twenty Foot high, and then let him Fall to the Ground. The poor Fellow was crying out, *O Jesus! The Devil has taken me up*; when the Students that were at the Bottom pulled off their Cloaks to receive him; and as he cried out, *The Devil, The Devil*, they having Instruments of Musick with them, mimicked every Word he said. By this means, a Number of the Scholars being got together, they surrounded him, still continuing their Musick, to make People believe it was only a Scholastick Diversion. So with this Melody and Rejoicing they carried the troublesome *Guadalaxara* out of the Gates of the City into a Field called *The burnt Place*, because formerly the Hereticks were burnt

burnt in that Field. Here lay a dead Horſe, and opening his Belly, they tied the poor Officer by the Hands and Legs, and placed him within it, which they ſewed up, leaving only the Head of *Guadalaxara* out under the Tail of the Horſe, and ſo they went back into the City. How diſmal that Night was to the poor Man, any body may imagine; but yet that was nothing, in Compariſon with what he ſuffered in the Morning; for the Dogs coming then to eat of the dead Horſe's Fleſh, he, for fear they ſhould bite off the Head, continually cried out, *Ho! ho! Porros; i. e. Dogs:* And that Day he found, that not only the Scholars, but even the very Dogs were afraid of him, for they did not dare to approach the dead Horſe. The Labourers of the City, who are a moſt ignorant ſort of People, but very pleaſant in their ruſtick Expreſſions, going out into the Field by Break of Day, ſaw the Dogs at ſome Diſtance from the Horſe, and heard a Voice crying, *Ho! ho! Porros.* They looked about, and ſaw no body; but drawing nearer the Horſe, and hearing the ſame Voice, they ran away frightened into the City again, and gave out, that a dead Horſe was ſpeaking in the *Burnt Field*; and as they affirmed and ſwore the Thing to be true, Crowds of People went to ſee and hear the Wonder, or, as others called it, The Miracle of a dead Horſe ſpeaking.

ing. A publick Notary was among the Mob, but no body dared to go near the Horse.

This Notary went to the Inquisitors, to make an Affidavit of the Case, and told them, that no body having Courage enough to approach the Horse, it was very proper to send some of the Fryers with holy Water and *Stola*, to exorcize the Horse, and find out the Cause of his speaking. But the Inquisitors, who think to terrify Beasts like rational Creatures, sent six of their Officers, with strict Orders to carry the Horse to the Holy Office. The Officers having an Opinion, that the Devil must submit to them, and approaching the Horse, they saw the Head under the Tail, and the poor Man crying out, "Help! take me out of this stinking Grave; for God's sake, good People, make Haste, for I am not the Devil, nor a Ghost, nor Apparition, but the real Body and Soul of *Gaudalaxera*, the Constable of the University; and I do renounce in this Place the Office of arresting Scholars for ever; and I do forgive them this Wrong they have done to me; and Thanks be to God and the Virgin of *Pilar*, who have preserved my Body from being converted into a dead Horse, and that I am alive still."

These plain Demonstrations of the Nature of the Thing did not in the least convince the Officers of the Inquisition, who are always very strict in the Performance of the Orders given them;

them; so they took the dead Horſe, and carried it to the Inquiſition. Never were more People ſeen in the Streets and Windows than on that Day; beſides the great Crowd that followed the Corpſe, which I ſaw myſelf. The Inquiſitors having Notice before-hand, went to the Hall to receive Information from the Horſe; and after they had aſked him many Queſtions, the poor Man pushing up the Tail with his Noſe, to ſpeak, to ſee, and to be ſeen, and ſtill anſwering them, the wiſe Holy Fathers, not truſting to his Information, gave Order to the Officers, to carry the ſpeaking Horſe to the Torture; which being done accordingly, as they begun to turn the Ropes through the Horſe's Belly, the Skin of the Belly broke, and the real Body of *Guadalaxara* did appear in all its Dimenſions, and by the dead Horſe's Torture, he then ſaved his Life; but not being able to recover from the Fright, he died three Weeks after, and the Scholars made an Elegy on his Death.

CHAP. IX.

A Description of the Great Mountain Sylvester, with some Account of the wicked Life of a Hermit there: By a Gentleman who travelled to Naples.

I Shall here relate only what I myself discovered. I took a Lodging the first Night, in a Village near the Mountain; and my Curiosity led me, the next Morning, to go up to the Top of it. They told me there was but one Path-way to get up to it, which was on the other Side of the Mountain; so that I had a great Way to go about, to get thither. Wherefore, viewing carefully the Top of the Mountain, it appeared to me, that I might very well save myself the Trouble of going about the Mountain, by a certain Passage, which seemed to me as if it had been a trodden Path; and the Stones that were about it appeared like so many Steps, by which one might get up to the Top. Wherefore, without farther Consideration, I set forward upon the Attempt. I scarce had got up half Way when I found myself extremely mistaken in my Account; for these Stones which had appeared to me so little, and by which I thought I might easily gain the Top of the Mountain, proved to be great Rocks hanging one over another, which

which made the Top of the Mountain inaccessible.

However, I continued still to ascend, rather for Humour sake, to see how far I could get, than with any Hope of compassing my Design. I clambered and crept up the Cliffs of the Rocks, and by the Help of the Roots of some Trees, I raised myself at last to the great Rocks, whence I could perceive I was not far from the Top. This gave me new Life and Spirits, and the more, because I saw there would be greater Danger in attempting to get down again, than to get up to the very Top. Accordingly I pursued my Resolution, and after some new Efforts, I found myself all on a sudden in a very fine Garden, inclosed on all Sides with high Walls, except on that where it was thought inaccessible. This Garden belonged to one of the Hermitages, and I descried in it two Hermits, who were taking some Recreation in a Bower. They were sorely affrighted when they saw me, and taking me for some Ghost, betook themselves to their Heels, and getting into their Hermitage, they barricado'd it against me. I was quite spent with the extreme Pains I had taken, and in a great Sweat; so I sat down in the Bower they had left, to rest myself. I found here the Remains of a great Pasty, and a large Bottle of Wine; and upon a Bench on the other Side of me, a Fan and a Coif. The Hermits being now a little recovered.

ed out of their Fright, ventured out again into the Garden, and came to accost me.

They were astonished, when I told them what Shift I made to get up to the Rocks. I soon discovered them to be *Frenchmen*, and they told me it was about two Years since they came to live in that Hermitage. I took Notice of the Gloves, Coif and Fan that were left in the Bower: One of them took the Hint, and told me, " Since you have cast your Eyes, Sir, " upon some Female Ornaments, that are left " here with us, we shall unfold to you the Mystery of them, in order to have your Advice " in an Affair that extremely perplexeth us " both. In the next Hermitage to ours, there " lives an *Italian*, of a very bad Life, tho' he " be not known of such. He hath debauched " a *Roman* Lady, whom he has kept with him " some Months; and having no Ways of keeping long, undiscovered (because we have " some Windows that look towards his Hermitage, and that we daily visit him with a great " deal of Freedom) he chose rather to communicate the Matter to us, than endeavour to " conceal it. He hath made a Hole in the " Wall of our Garden, through which his " Lady, in case of Surprise, or any one's coming to visit him, might retire into our Hermitage. For the rest we have nothing but " the Sight of her, for he is so extremely jealous, that he keeps her all the Day shut up " in

“ in a Hole, differing but a very little from a
 “ Prison : And when he brings her out at any
 “ Time, to take a Walk, he keeps close with
 “ her all the while : Yet she does not seem to
 “ think much of this, for she loves him ex-
 “ tremely.

“ ’Tis she that supports all Expences, for she
 “ hath brought abundance of Gold and Silver
 “ along with her from *Rome* ; and, to speak
 “ the Truth, we have fared very well, since he
 “ made the Discovery to us ; for there is not a
 “ Day passeth, but we receive some Present or
 “ other from them. They gave us a Visit this
 “ Morning, and brought with them the Pasty
 “ and the Bottle which you see. It is not above
 “ a Quarter of an Hour since they left us, and
 “ it seems the Gentlewoman forgot to take her
 “ Fan and her Gloves with her.

“ It was lucky for you, Sir, that you did
 “ not come whilst he was here, for he certain-
 “ ly would have killed you, for fear of being
 “ discovered. He always carries a great Dag-
 “ ger under his Gown, to make use of upon
 “ any Occasion. Therefore, we would not
 “ advise you to stay here any time ; for should
 “ he return hither (as sometimes he does, and,
 “ in all likelihood he now will, to fetch the
 “ Things his Lady has left behind her) you
 “ would be in great Danger. We only desire
 “ you would be pleased to assist us with your
 “ Advice,

“ Advice, how we may best discover this, without doing ourselves a Mischief.”

I told them, the safest and shortest Way was to acquaint the Cardinal-Vicar ; and that they needed not trouble themselves any farther : But, as for my Part, I knew not whether I should return to *Rome*, or no. Then they told me, that the Hermit was so cunning, that for some time they had not dared to take one Step towards *Rome*, so narrowly did he watch them.

I had been told there was a very fair Abbey of *Bernardines* upon the same Mountain ; I therefore asked the Hermits, why they did not discover the Matter to the Abbot ? But they replied, they knew they would not be welcome there with such a Complaint, because all the Monks of that Abbey led very dissolute Lives, and had each of them his Mistress as well as the Hermit. They told me likewise, that they suspected the Hermit to be a Sorcerer, which made them the more fearful to take the least Step towards discovering him : That they were of Opinion he had bewitched this Gentlewoman, because, though he had no considerable Qualities, and was besides very deformed in Body, with a great slovenly Beard, a stinking Breath, and rotten Teeth ; yet she had always loved him passionately, from the Time she first received one of his Letters, wherein was inclosed a Piece of white Wax, like an *Agnus Dei*. That they had also frequent Cause to wonder

wonder at his Knowledge of many secret Things which had happened at very distant Places : All which gave them great Suspicion, that he had to do with the Devil. They were about to tell me more of him, but the dreadful Apprehensions they had given me of his coming again, made me take my Leave, desiring they would shew me the Way to the Abbey of *Bernardines*, where I intended to go and say Mass, having made a Vow to do so at the Altar of St. *Sylvester*, to return Thanks for the Danger I had escaped, when in clambering the Rocks I had like to have lost my Life.

C H A P. X.

Of the pretended Marriages of the Priests and Nuns.

THERE is a famous Convent in *Italy*, where, it seems there is not a Nun in the House, who had not from her Noviceship some particular Fryar for her Friend, with whom she was made to contract an intimate Alliance in those early Years of Obedience, learning to forget that Chastity and Modesty which ought to be the singular Ornaments of their Sex and Profession : And after sufficient time allowed for imbibing and fixing those vicious Habits, they are with all imaginable Solemnity made Man and Wife. The Ceremony of these Contracts is thus. When a Fryar and
Nun

Nun are come to this mutual Agreement, they address themselves to their respective Kindred and Friends ; they give Presents, as Pledges of their Affection, and make Demands and Conditions. They assign certain Days to draw up the Articles, make the Contract, and celebrate the Marriage, during which there is nothing to be seen but Mirth and Gallantry among the Fryers and the Nuns. The following Account of the Solemnity of one of their Marriages will not perhaps be unacceptable.

Father *Antonio* demanded Sister *Clara* of the Abbess, who personated her Mother: Father *Sebastiano* acted the Notary that passed the Contract ; and having published the Banns at the Grate, and below in the Hall, Father *Dominico* played the Curate of the Parish, said the same Prayers, used the same Ceremonies, and made the Pair speak the Words in their Turn, as they use in the common Marriages ; and there was a Ring given, and put on the Finger of the Bride.

Being come into the Hall or Grate, the Fryar on the Outside, and Sister *Clara* within, they sat down, and the good Father began in this manner.

“ You have now, my dear *Clara*, altered
 “ your State, you are no longer in your own
 “ Power ; and that Right you might have had
 “ in the Direction of your own Actions, is now
 “ entirely devolved upon me. Your Body is
 “ not

“not your own, it is now at my Command,
 “and must be subject to my Will; which, if
 “you know yourself, you must conclude, that
 “my Will and Desire is not only to see, but to
 “feel and enjoy every Part of that beautiful
 “Person. This secular Dress” (for, according
 to Custom, he was dressed like a Cavalier,
 and she like a Lady of the World, with her
 Bosom all bare, and her Face full of Patches,
 and her Hair adorned with Ribbons) “gives
 “me a tempting Sample of that delicious
 “Flesh and Blood that is now, by Right, my
 “own. Draw near, therefore to this Grate:”
 Then she rose up, and approached it. They
 kissed with mutual Ardency, which proved so
 far from satisfying, that it served only to in-
 flame their Desires. “O my ravishing *Clara*,
 “said he, it was with such a Wife of Snow,
 “indeed, that our Founder, *St. Francis*, tamed
 “those unruly Affections that disturbed his
 “Contemplation; and without the full posses-
 “sion of this Wife of Snow, I can never rest
 “or be quiet. Before the Type of Marriage,
 “all above the Girdle was my Due; but now
 “all that is below is equally my Right; hide
 “therefore no longer the Beauties I long to
 “see, and seize for my own.”

The eager Fryar, impatient of Delay, at-
 tempted to remove those Veils himself, that
 deprived him of the Sight he so much longed
 for; but Sister *Clara* stepped back, and denied

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him

him yet the Satisfaction, and raised many Objections about the Unlawfulness of the Fact, and the Vow of Virginity which she had already taken. To these, composing himself as well as he could, the Father thus replied.

“ All Vows are to be considered a little more
 “ nicely than Men generally do in their Re-
 “ flections on our Breach of any one in parti-
 “ cular. All Vows are a sort of Oaths or Com-
 “ pacts, by which we oblige ourselves to do or
 “ perform such a Thing ; there is one Con-
 “ dition always absolutely necessary to them
 “ all, which is, that the Thing vowed be in
 “ our Power ; for, should any Man vow to fly
 “ up into the Air, or to stand twenty Years to-
 “ gether on a Pillar, as it is said of *Simon Ste-*
 “ *lites*, or to live without Victuals, or any the
 “ like extravagant Impossibility for mere and
 “ unassisted Man to perform : Can any one in
 “ his Senses suppose himself bound by such a
 “ Vow, which, as it was ridiculous to make,
 “ so it would be the Height of Madnets and
 “ Presumption to attempt to perform ? It is
 “ true, that by the Assistance of the divine
 “ Power, a Man is capable of all the Particu-
 “ lars I have instanced ; but I know not what
 “ Ground there is for any Man to expect a Se-
 “ ries of Miracles during his whole Life, but
 “ the fantastical Whim of forsaking the com-
 “ mon Road of Nature, and those Inclinations
 “ and Desires which the eternal Former of
 “ Man-

" Mankind has fixed in our Frame and Con-
 " stitution. The Mechanism of our Body is so
 " contrived, that as Food is received into the
 " Stomach, it is there digested, and the
 " Nourishment separated by a natural Chymistry,
 " and each sent to its different Part. There are
 " also peculiar Vessels made for the Reception
 " of those animal Spirits which Nature designs
 " for Generation ; and when those Vessels are
 " full, they must have a Discharge ; and if by
 " any Enthusiastick Notions you forbid those
 " Means which God and Nature has ordained
 " for that End, it either generates Distempers,
 " or filling up the Mind with perpetual De-
 " fires, destroys all its nobler and sublime Ope-
 " rations ; for while it is imprisoned in the
 " Flesh, it cannot be freed from a very great
 " Influence of the good or ill State of the
 " Body. Thus, by hindering the Course of
 " Nature, you make the Humour overflow the
 " whole, and by damming up a gentle Stream,
 " you make it rise into a Torrent, which bears
 " down all before it. You may as well pre-
 " tend to eat and drink every Day with Plenty
 " and Pleasure, and yet vow against Evacuati-
 " on in the usual manner : Nature would soon
 " let you see how vain a Thing it was to at-
 " tempt a Contradiction to her indispensable
 " Laws, by forcing you to submit to the com-
 " mon Course of Things, or at once extinguish
 " that Being that was committed to your
 " Charge,

“ Charge, not only to preserve, but to pro-
 “ pagate.

“ It is true, I will allow some one or two
 “ peculiar Messengers of Heaven have, by that
 “ divine Power that sent them, been exempt-
 “ ed from the common Frailties and Necessi-
 “ ties of human Life ; yet it is a Madness for
 “ those who have no such immediate Claim to,
 “ or Necessity of, Dispensations, to presume on
 “ the same. Because Providence once, for the
 “ Manifestation of his own Power and Glory,
 “ at the Word of *Joshua*, stopt the whole
 “ Course of Nature, and made the universal
 “ Motion stand still ; should our Generals
 “ therefore presume on the same Privilege,
 “ whenever their own or their Prince’s Ambi-
 “ tion engages them in a Battle ?

“ As what I defend is the just and the ne-
 “ cessary Order of our Mechanism, so to think
 “ it our Duty, as Men and Women, to avoid
 “ that Conjunction which the Wisdom of our
 “ Maker designed in our original Constitution,
 “ is profanely and impiously to pretend to be
 “ wiser than supreme Wisdom, and to correct
 “ that admirable Order and Law, which from
 “ the Beginning he had established : *God saw*
 “ *that it was not good for Man to be alone.* That
 “ he made those Parts, those Vessels, which in
 “ the Course of Digestion, would make a Man
 “ very uneasy, without the female Softness to
 “ discharge with Extasy what had been hoard-
 “ ed

"ed with Pleasure. The first Law therefore
 "that he gave, was, *They shall increase and mul-*
 "*tiple, and replenish the Earth with his beautiful*
 "*Images.* This is the first and supreme Law,
 "which being enacted by Omnipotence, can-
 "not be dissolved but by the same Power.
 "Now my beautiful Sister *Clara*, if you can
 "produce any visible Dispensation from this,
 "then your Vow of Chastity may take Place,
 "else it is void, by being directly contrary to
 "the Duty of Mankind. You and I are now
 "married, and the Law of Nature being irre-
 "versible, puts an End to your rash and impi-
 "ous Vow of Chastity, which flies in the Face
 "of Nature itself.

"It is true, that there has been a political
 "Institution made by cunning and designing
 "Men, to set a-foot this Celibacy, and deny
 "the Benefit of Marriage to the Clergy; but
 "it was merely a human Contrivance, to bring
 "a more immediate Interest to the Papal
 "Power, and engross the Opinion and Go-
 "vernment of the People, by a Pretence to an
 "angelical and supernatural Virtue in Con-
 "science, both as to Riches and Venereal En-
 "joyments; yet, believe me, my dear Wife,
 "this fatal Hypocrisy has only served to mul-
 "tiply our Desires and Enjoyments, while
 "those who refuse what Nature has allowed,
 "fall shamefully into those which Nature ab-
 "hors; and while they reject the Relief of a
 "dis-

“different Sex, they endeavour to create a
“Difference in the same.

“These specious Pretences have furnished
“such noble Stipends, such large Endow-
“ments, which at once supply so many Mo-
“nasteries with all the Plenty of Luxury, and
“swallow up the Vow of Poverty without
“Scandal, or so much as Notice taken : Nay,
“it is recommended from our Pulpits, as
“highly meritorious, to make these Donations,
“which render it as impossible for us to keep
“our Vow of Poverty, as the Effects of it do,
“to observe that of Chastity.

“But since these handsome Provisions are
“made, and you, my dear *Clara*, and I, have
“our Lot thrown into this Land flowing with
“Milk and Honey, it is none of our Business
“to expose a Delusion on which we subsist ;
“but, like others in the same State, to enjoy
“with Privacy and Innocence those Pleasures
“Nature has ordained, and our Constitutions
“require ; while our past unadvised, and un-
“natural Vows, secure us the Means and Op-
“portunity of possessing them.”

Sister *Clara* listened with Attention and Plea-
sure to the agreeable Casuistry of the amorous
Father, and was pleased to be convinced, that
her Pleasure was her Duty : She now was obe-
dient to all his Commands, without Reserve ;
and fixing a Thousand Kisses on his Lips, ad-
mired his Knowledge and Eloquence, which
had

had brought so necessary a Relief to her Passion, which she owned was beyond Bounds for her Father and Husband. From Kisses they proceeded to nearer Familiarities, which yet increased, not lessened their Desires; for nothing could now satisfy but full and perfect Fruition. The Place denyed them the Happiness they mutually desired; but Necessity, the Mother of Invention, soon offered them the Means. There were two Stools in the Room where Sister *Clara* was sitting; the Fryar advised her to set one on the other, and by resting her Hands and Arms on them, she might, by the Help of the little Door in the Grate, give some Ease to his Anguish. The poor Nun, with willing Obedience, does as he directed; but, as all human Pleasures have a Mixture of Pain, and all Successes are blended with Misfortunes; so now, when the Fryar and the Nun were as eager, and happy as the Place would permit, the Stools, not well fixed, gave way to her Motion, and in the Midst of all her Joy, he fell with them to the Floor.

The Lover and his Mistress were equally confounded and disappointed, and she had well nigh paid her Life for her Joy; but it proved otherwise; for she soon got up again, and shaking her Cloaths about her, she complained only of her Legs, which immediately consulting, she found the Skin a little razed, and some
Crimson

Crimson Drops trickling down her Alabaſter Skin.

The Fryar renewed his Kiſſes of Joy for her Safety, and would not deſiſt from renewing the Attack in the ſame Way, till ſhe promiſed to admit him to her Cell, where they might paſs the Night with more Pleaſure and Safety. She told him, it was an eaſy Matter, from his Window, to paſs into the Garden, where ſhe would wait to conduct him up to Bed. So, ending the Aſſignation with warm eager Kiſſes, ſhe returned to the other Grate, where the Company expected them with Impatience to their Repaſt.

C H A P. XI.

A particular Deſcription of two rich Churches in Saragoſſa, called, St. Salvator, and the Lady del Pilar.

IN the Cathedral of St. *Salvator*, there are forty-five Prebendaries, beſides the Dean, Arch-deacon, Chanter, and ſixty-fix Beneficiates, fix Priests and a Maſter, and twelve Boys for the Muſick, ſixty Clerks, and Under-Clerks, and Sextons. The Church contains thirty Chapels, large and ſmall, and the great Altar is thirty Foot high, and ten broad, all of Marble-Stone, with many Bodies of the Saints of the ſame, and in the Middle of it, the Tranſfiguration of our Saviour in the Mount *Tabor*, with

with the Apostles, all represented in Marble Figures. The Front of the Altar-Table is made of solid Silver, the Frame gilt, and adorned with precious Stones. In the Treasury of the Church they keep sixteen Bodies of Saints, of pure Silver, among which, that of St. *Peter Argues* (who was a Prebendary in the same Church, and was murdered by the *Saracens*) is adorned with rich Stones of a great Value. Besides these, they keep twelve half Silver Bodies of other Saints, and many Relicks set in Gold and Diamonds: Forty-two Silver Candlesticks for the Altar-Table, two large ones, and the third for the blessed Candle, three hundred Pound Weight each: Thirty-six small Silver Candlesticks; and six made of solid Gold, for the great Festivals. Four Possenets of Silver, two of solid Gold, with the Handles of Hyssops, of the same. Two great Crosses, one of Silver, the other of Gold, ten Foot high, to carry before the Processions: Ten thousand Ounces of Silver in Plate, Part of it gilt, to adorn the two Corners of the Altar on great Festivals, and when the Arch-bishop officiates, and says the great Mass. Three-and-thirty Silver Lamps, of which the smallest is an hundred and fifty Pound Weight; and the largest, which is before the great Altar, gilt all over, is six hundred and thirty Pound Weight. Abundance of rich Ornaments for Priests, of inexpressible Value. Eighty-four Chalices, twenty of pure Gold, and

and sixty-four of Silver, gilt on the Inside of the Cup; and the rich Chalice, which only the Arch-bishop makes use of in his Pontifical Drefs.

All these Things are but Trifles, compared with the great *Custodia* they make use of to carry the the great Host through the Streets on the Festival of *Corpus Christi*. This was a Present made to the Cathedral by the Arch-bishop of *Sevil*, who had been Prebendary of that Church before. The Circumference of the Sun and Beams is as big as the Wheel of a Coach: At the End of each Beam there is a Star. The Center of the Sun, where the great Host is placed between two Chrystals, is set with great Diamonds; the Beams are all of solid Gold, set with several precious Stones; and in the Middle of each Star, a rich Emerald set in Gold. The Chrystal with the great Host is fixed in the Mouth of the rich Chalice on a Pedestal of Silver, all gilt over, which is three Foot high. The whole *Custodia* is five hundred Pound Weight: And this is placed on a gilt Base which is carried by twelve Priests. Several Goldsmiths have endeavoured to value this Piece, but no Body could set a certain Sum on it. One said that a Million of Pistoles was too little. And how the Arch-bishop could gather together so many precious Stones, every Body was surpris'd, till it was known, that a Brother of his Grace died in *Peru*, and left him
great

great Sums of Money, and a vast Quantity of Diamonds and precious Stones.

I come now to speak of the Treasury and Rarities of the *Lady del Pilar*. In the Church of this Lady is the same Number of Prebendaries and Beneficiates, Musicians, Clerks and Sextons, as in the Cathedral Church of St. *Salvator*; and, as to the Ornaments and Silver Plate, they are very much the same, except only that of the great *Custodia*, which is not so rich. But as to the Chapel of the blessed Virgin, there is without Comparison more in it than in the Cathedral. Now, as to her Riches, I shall give you an Account, as far as I remember, for it is impossible for every thing to be kept in the Memory of Man.

In the little Chapel, where the Image is on a Pillar, are four Angels of the Size of a Man, with a large Candlestick, each of them, all made of Silver gilt. The Front of two Altars is solid Silver, with gilt Frames set with rich Stones. Before the Image there is a Lamp, or (as they call it) a Spider of Chrystal, in which twelve Wax Candles burn Night and Day: The several Parts of the Spider are set with Gold and Diamonds, which was a Present sent to the Virgin by Don *John of Austria*, who also left her in his last Will, his own Heart, which accordingly was brought to her, and is kept in a Gold Box set with large Diamonds, and hangs before the Image. There is a thick Grate round
about

about the little Chapel, of solid Silver: Next to this is another Chapel, to say Mass in before the Image; and the Altar-Piece of it is made of Silver, from the Top to the Altar-Table, which is of Jasper Stone, and the Front of Silver, with the Frame gilt, and set with precious Stones. The rich Crown of the Virgin is twenty-five Pound Weight, set all over with large Diamonds, so that no Body can see any Gold in it, and most People think, it is all made of Diamonds. Besides this great one, she has six Crowns more of pure Gold, set with rich Diamonds and Emeralds, the smallest of which is worth Half a Million.

The Rose of Diamonds, and other precious Stones she has to adorn her Mantle, are innumerable; for though she is drest every Day in the Colour of the Church's Festival, and never useth twice the same Mantle, (which is of the best Stuff imbroidered with Gold) she has new Roses of precious Stones every Day, for three Years together. She has three hundred and sixty five Necklaces of Pearls and Diamonds, and six Chains of Gold set with Diamonds, which are put on her Mantle on the great Festivals of Christ.

In the Room of her Treasure are innumerable Heads, Arms, Legs, Eyes and Hands made of Gold and Silver, presented to her by the People, which have been cured (as they believe) by Miracle, through the Virgin's divine Power

Power and Intercession. In this second Chapel are one hundred and ninety-five Silver Lamps in three Lines one over the other: The Lamps of the lowest Rank are bigger than those of the second, and these bigger than those of the third. The five Lamps facing the Image, are five hundred Pound Weight each; the sixty of the same Line four hundred Pound Weight: Those of the second Line are two hundred Pound Weight; and those of the third Line one hundred Pound Weight. There is the Image of the Virgin in the Treasury, made in the Shape of a Woman, five Foot high, all of pure Silver, set with precious Stones, and a Crown of Gold set with Diamonds, and this Image is to be carried in a publick Procession the Days appointed.

I remember, that when the Right Honourable the Lord *Stanhope*, then General of the *English* Forces, was in *Saragossa*, after the Battle, he went to see the Treasure of the Lady *Rilar*, which being shewn to him, I heard him say these Words: *If all the Kings of Europe should gather together all their Treasures and precious Stones, they could not buy half the Riches of this Treasure.* By this Expression of so wise and judicious a Person, I leave the Reader to judge of their Value.

C H A P. XII.

The History of the Lady of Pilar, and her Miracles.

THIS remarkable Story contains, to the best of my Memory, the following Account.

The Apostle St. *James* came with seven new Converts to preach the Gospel in *Saragossa* (a City famous for its Antiquity, and the having for its Founder *Cæsar Augustus*; but more particularly for the heavenly Image of the Lady *del Pilar*) and as they were sleeping on the River *Ebro's* Side, they were waked at Midnight by celestial Musick, and saw an Army of Angels melodiously singing come down from Heaven, with an Image on a Pillar, which they placed on the Ground forty Yards distant from the River, and the commanding Angel spoke to St. *James*, and said, *This Image of our Queen shall be the Defence of this City, where you come to plant the Christian Religion; take therefore good Courage, for, by her Help and Assistance, you shall not leave this City, till you have reduced all the Inhabitants to your Master's Religion; and as she is to protect you, you must also signalize yourself in building a decent Chapel for her.* The Angels leaving the Image on Earth, ascended up to Heaven again, with the same Melody and Songs, and St. *James*, with his seven Converts on their Knees, begun to praise and thank God
for

for the inestimable Treasure he had sent them; and the next Day they set about building a Chapel with their own Hands. Having already given an Account of the Chapel, and the Riches of it, I shall now say something of the idolatrous Adoration paid to that Image by all the *Roman* Catholicks in *Spain*, and all others that go to visit her.

This Image has her own Chaplain, besides the Chapter of Prebends and other Priests, as I have said before. The Virgin's Chaplain has more Power and Privilege than any King, Archbishop, or any ecclesiastical Person, excepting the Pope; for his Business is only to dress the Image every Morning, which he doth in private, and without any Help: I say, in private, that is, drawing the four Curtains of the Virgin's Canopy, that no body may see the Image naked. No body has the Liberty, but this Chaplain, to approach so near the Image; for, as the Author of her Legend says, an Archbishop, who had the Assurance to attempt saying Mass on the Altar-Table of the Virgin, died upon the Spot before he began the Mass. I saw King *Philip* and King *Charles*, when they went to visit the Image, stand at a Distance from it. With these Cautions, it is easy to give out, that no body can tell what Matter the Image is made of, that being referred to the Angels who brought it. So, all the Favour that Christians can obtain from the Virgin, is

only to kiss her Pillar ; for it is contrived, by having broke Part of the Wall backwards, that a Piece of the Pillar, as big as two Crown Pieces, is shewn, which is set in Gold, and there Kings and others kneel down to adore and kiss that Part of the Stone. The Stones and Lime that were taken away when the Wall was broke, are kept for Reliques, and it is a singular Favour, if any can get a small Stone, paying a great Sum of Money.

There is always so great a Crowd of People, that many times the Devotees cannot kiss the Pillar, but touch it with one of their Fingers, and afterwards kiss the Finger that did touch it. The large Chapel of the Lamp is Night and Day crowded with People ; for, as they say, that Chapel was never empty of Christians since St. *James* built it ; so the People of the City that work all Day, go out at Night, to visit the Image ; and this blind Devotion prevails not only among pious People, but even among the most profligate and debauched ; in-somuch, that a lewd Woman will not go to Bed, without visiting the Image ; for they believe, for certain, that no one can be saved, if they do not pay this Tribute of Devotion to the sacred Image.

Now, to support this erroneous Belief, it is easy for the Chaplain who dresses the Image (as he is reckoned to be a heavenly Man) to give out what Stories he pleases, and make the People believe

believe any Revelation from the Virgin to him, as there are many such written in the Book of the Miracles of the Virgin of Pilar : As this, for Instance. Dr. *Augustin Ramirez*, Chaplain to the Image in 1542, as he was dressing her, she talked with him for half a Quarter of an Hour, and said, " My faithful " and well-beloved *Augustin*, I am very angry " with the Inhabitants of this my City, for " their Ingratitude. Now, I tell you, as my " own Chaplain, that it is my Will, and I do " command you to publish it, and say the following Words, which is my Speech to all " the People of *Saragossa*."

Ungrateful People, remember, that, after my Son died for the Redemption of the World, but more especially for you the Inhabitants of this my chosen City, I was pleased, two Years after I went up to Heaven in Body and Soul, to pitch upon this select City for my Dwelling Place; therefore I commanded the Angels to make an Image perfectly like my Body, and another of my Son Jesus in my Arms, and to set them both on a Pillar, whose Matter no body can know; and when both were finished, I ordered them to be carried in Procession round about the Heavens by the principal Angels, the heavenly Host following, and after them the Trinity, who took me in the middle: And when this Procession was over in Heaven, I sent them down with Illuminations and Musick to awake my beloved James, who was asleep on the River-side, commanding him by my Am-

bassador Gabriel, to build with his own Hands a Chapel for my Image, which he did accordingly; and ever since I have been the Defence of this City against the Saracen Army when by my mighty Power I killed in one Night, at the Breach, 50000 of them, putting the rest to a precipitate Flight.

After this visible Miracle (for many saw me in the Air fighting) I have delivered them from the Oppression of the Moors, and preserved the Faith and Religion unpolluted, for many Years, in this my City. How many times have I succoured them with Rain, in time of Need? How many Sick have I healed? How much Riches are they Masters of, by my unshaken Affection to them all? And what is the Recompence they give me for all these Benefits? Nothing but Ingratitude: I have been ashamed these Fifteen Years to speak before the Eternal Father, who made me Queen of this City: Many and many times I am at Court with the three Persons, to give my Consent for pardoning several Sinners, and when the Father asked me about my City, I am so bashful, that I cannot lift up my Eyes to him. He knoweth very well their Ingratitude, and blameth me for suffering so long their Covetousness: And this very Morning, being called to the Council of the Trinity, for passing the divine Decree under our Hands and Seals for the Bishoprick of Saragossa, the Holy Spirit has affronted me, saying I was not worthy to be of the Privy-Council in Heaven, because I did not know how to govern and punish the Criminals of my chosen City; and I have vowed not to go again

again to the heavenly Court, till I get Satisfaction from my Offenders: So I do thunder out this Sentence against the Inhabitants of Saragossa, That I have resolved to take away my Image from them, and resign my Government to Lucifer, if they do not come for the Space of Fifteen Days, every Day, with Gifts, Tears, and Penances, to make due Submission to my Image, for the Faults committed by them these Fifteen Years: And if they come with prodigal Hands and true Hearts, to appease my Wrath, which I am pleased with, they shall see the Rainbow for a Signal, that I do receive them again into my Favour: But if not, they may be sure that the Prince of Darkness shall come to rule and reign over them. And further I do declare, That they shall have no Appeal from this my Sentence to the Tribunal of the Father; for this my Will and Pleasure.

These are the Words of the Revelation (I mean) this is the Substance of it; for perhaps I leave out many Words, and add others, to give Sense to the *English*, but as to the Substance, I am not mistaken, as may be found in the Virgin's Book, published in *Saragossa*, in the Year 1688, by *Peter Dormer*, with the Leave and Authority of the Inquisitors. I had the Book, which, for my extraordinary Devotion to the Virgin, I used to read every Day; and I may give a fuller Account of it than of the Bible, having read it six or eight times every Year: But as I do not design to be tedious upon the Subject, I therefore only say, that after
this

this Relation was published, all the Inhabitants of the City were under such a Concern, that the Magistrates, by the Archbishop's Order, did publish an Ordinance, for all sorts of People to fast three Days every Week, and not to let the Cattle go out on those Days, and to make them fast as well as the reasonable Creatures; and as for Infants, not to suckle them but once a Day. All sorts of Work were forbidden for Fifteen Days time, in which the People went to confess, and make publick Penances, and offer whatever Money and rich Jewels they had, to the Virgin.

Observe now, that this publishing of the Revelation was in the Month of *May*, and it is a customary thing in that Country, to see the Rainbow, almost every Day, at that time of the Year: So there was a strong Probability, that the Rainbow would not fail to shew its many-coloured Face to the Inhabitants of *Saragossa*, as did happen the Eleventh of that Month, but too late for the deluded People, who had already bestowed all their Treasures on the Image of the Virgin. Then the Rejoicings began, and the People were almost mad for Joy, reckoning themselves the most happy, blessed People in the Universe. Then they vowed solemnly to build her the largest and most capacious Church in the World; but their Want of Money hindered the beginning of it for ten Years; when the Magistrates thinking they

they had a Sufficiency to begin with, bestowed Fifty Thousand Pistoles for laying the Foundations of it. A Subscription was made among the private Persons, which amounted to a Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pistoles; and Don *Francisco Ibbanez de la Riva de Herrera*, then Archbishop of *Saragossa*, and afterwards of *Toledo*, and Inquisitor General, commanded all People Ecclesiastical and Secular, to go on *Sundays* and Holidays, in the Afternoon, and carry Materials for the Work of the Week following. I went myself many Holidays and *Sundays*, and I saw his Grace, and all his Family, with Baskets, carrying Stones from the River to the open Foundation, and, by his Example, Gentlemen and Ladies, old and young, Priests and Fryers, were excited to do the same, till the first Stone of the Foundation was laid by his Grace, drest in his Pontificals; and after that, giving his Blessing to the Building, he recommended the finishing of it to the Care of the People.

By these and the like Revelations given out every Day by the Virgin's Chaplain, the People are so much infatuated, that they certainly believe there is no Salvation for any Soul, without the Consent of the Virgin of *Pilar*; so they never fail to visit her Image every Day, and pay her due Homage, for fear, if she is angry again, *Lucifer* should come to reign over them. And all this is done by the Virgin's crafty Chaplain,

rich

Chaplain, to encrease her Treasure, and his own too. As to him I may aver, that the late Chaplain, Don *Pedro Valenzuela*, was but six Years in the Virgin's Service; his yearly Rent was a Thousand Pistoles, and when he died, he left in his Testament Twenty Thousand Pistoles to the Virgin, and Ten Thousand to his Relations: How he came to get Thirty Thousand Pistoles clear in six Years, every body may imagine.

C H A P. XIII.

Some Account of CONFESSIONS, and the lewd Use the Fryers make of them.

BEFORE I begin the Confessions, it will not be improper to give an Account of the Customs of the Nuns, and their Places of Confession.

By the Constitutions of their Order, so many Days are appointed, in which all the Nuns are obliged to confess, from the Mother Abbess to the very Wheeler; *i. e.* the Nun that turns the Wheel near the Door, through which they give and receive every thing they want. They have a Father Confessor, and a Father Companion, who live next to the Convent, and have a small Grate in the Wall of their Chamber, which answers to the upper Cloister, or Gallery of the Convent. The Confessor hath the Cure of
Souls

Souls of the Convent, and he is obliged to say Mass every Day, hear Confessions, administer the Sacraments, and visit the sick Nuns. There are several narrow Closets in the Church, with a small Iron Grate: One Side answers to the Cloister, and the other to the Church; so the Nun being on the Inside, and the Confessor on the Outside, they hear one another. There is a large Grate facing the great Altar, and the Holes of it are a Quarter of a Yard in Square; but that Grate is double; that is, one within, and another without, and the Distance between both is more than half a Yard. And besides these, there is another Grate for Relations, and Benefactors of the Community, which Grate is single, and consists of very thin Iron Bars. The Holes of such a Grate are near a Quarter and a Half square. In all those Grates the Nuns confess their Sins; for, on a solemn Day, they send for Ten or Twelve Confessors, otherwise they could not confess the fourth Part of them; for there is in some Monasteries a Hundred and Ten Nuns, in others Eighty, in others Forty; but this last is a small Number.

The Nuns Father-Confessor hath but little Trouble with the young Nuns, for they generally send for a Confessor who is a Stranger to them; so that all his Trouble is with his old ones, who have no Business at the Grate. These trouble their Confessor, almost every Day, with many ridiculous Trifles, and will keep the
poor

poor Man two Hours at the Grate, telling how many times they have spit in the Church, how many times they have fallen into a Passion with their Lap-dogs, and other nonsensical ridiculous things like these; and the Reason is, because they have nothing to do, no body goes to visit them, or cares for them; so sometimes they chuse to be Spies for the young Nuns, when they are at the Grate with their Gallants, and for fear of their Mother Abbess, they place some of the old Nuns before the Door of the Parlour, to watch the Mother Abbess, and to give them timely Notice of her coming: And the poor old Nuns perform this Office with a great deal of Pleasure, Faithfulness, and sometimes Profit too. But I shall not say any more of them, confining myself wholly to the way of Living among the young Nuns.

Many Gentlemen send their Daughters to the Nunnery, when they are some Five, some Six, some Eight Years old, under the Care of some Nun of their Relations, or else some old Nun of their Acquaintance; and there they get Education till they are Fifteen Years old. The Tuterefs takes a great deal of Care, not to let them go to the Grate, nor to converse with Men all that while, to prevent their Knowledge and Love of the World. They are caressed by all the old Nuns, and thinking it will always be so, they are very well pleased with their Confinement. They have only Liberty

berty to go to the Grate to their Parents or Relations, and always accompany'd by the old Mother Tutorefs: And when they are Fifteen Years old, which is the Age fixed by the Constitution of all the Orders, they receive the Habit of a Nun, and begin the Year of Noviciate, which is the Year of Trial, to see whether they can go through all the Hardships, Fastings, Disciplines, Prayers, Hours of Divine Service, Obedience, Poverty, Chastity, and Penances, practised in the Monastery. But the Prioress, or Abbess, and the rest of the professed Nuns, do dispense with, and excuse the Novices from all the Severities, for fear they should be dissatisfied with, and leave the Convent. And in this they are very much in the wrong; for besides that they do not observe the Precepts of their Monastical Rules, they deceive the poor unexperienced young Creatures, who, after their Profession and Vows of Perpetuity, do heartily repent they had been so much indulged. Thus the Novices being flattered in the Year of Noviciate, and thinking they will be so all their Life-time, when the Year is expired, make Profession, and swear, to observe *Chastity, Obedience, and Poverty*, during their Lives, and *Clausura*, that is, Confinement; obliging themselves thereby never to go out of the Monastery.

After the Profession is made, they begin to feel the Severity and Hardships of the Monas-

tical Life ; for one is made a Door-keeper, another Turner of the Wheel, to receive and deliver by it all the Nuns Messages ; another is made Bell Nun, that is, to call the Nuns, when any one comes to visit them ; another Baker, another Book-keeper of all the Rents and Expences, and the like ; and in the Execution of all these Employments, they must expend a great deal of their own Money. After this, they have Liberty to go to the Grate, and talk with Gentlemen, Priests and Fryers, who only go there as a Gallant goes to see his Mistress. So, when the young Nuns begin to have a Notion of the Pleasures of the World, and how they have been deceived, they are heartily sorry, but too late, for there is no Remedy ; and minding nothing but to satisfy their Passions as well as they can, they abandon themselves to all sorts of Wickedness and amorous Intrigues.

There is another Sort of Nuns, whom the Spaniards call *las Forçadas*, the forced Nuns, *i. e.* those who make a false Step in the World, and cannot find Husbands, on account of their Crimes being publick. Those are despised and ill used by their Parents and Relations, till they chuse to go to the Nunnery : So, by this it is easily known what sort of Nuns they will make.

Now, as to the spending of their Time, they get up at Six in the Morning, and go to hear
Mass

Mafs till Seven: From Seven till Ten they work, and go to Breakfast, either in their Chambers, or in the Common-hall. At Ten they go to hear the Great Mafs till Eleven; after that, they go to Dinner; after Dinner, they divert themselves till Two; at Two they go to Prayers for a Quarter of an Hour; or (if they sing Vespers) for half an Hour; and afterwards they are free till the next Morning. So every one is waiting for her *Devoto*, that is, a Gallant, or spiritual Husband, as they call him. In the Evening, when it's dark, they send away the *Devoto's*, and the Doors are locked up; so they go to their own Chamber to write a Billet, or Letter, to the Spiritual Husband, which they send in the Morning to them, and get an Answer; and though they see one another, almost every Day, for all that, they must write to one another every Morning: And these Letters of Love, they call the *Recreation of the Spirit* for the Time the *Devoto's* are absent from them. Every Day they must give one another an Account of whatever thing they have done since the last Visit; and indeed there are warmer Expressions of Love and Jealousy between the Nun and the *Devoto*, than between real Husband and Wife. Now I come to the Confession.

Nun. **R**everend Father, as the Number of my Sins is great, so is the Variety of Circumstances attending them; wherefore, mistrusting my Memory, I have set down this Confession, that you may entirely be acquainted with every thing that troubles my Conscience, and so humbly beg of you to read it.

Conf. I do approve the Method of writing, but you ought to read it your self, or else it cannot be *oris Confessio*, or Confession by Mouth.

Nun. If it is so. I begin. I thought fit to acquaint you with the Circumstances of my Life past, that you may form a right Judgment of my Monastical Life and Conversation, which, in some Measure, will excuse me before the World, though not before God our righteous Judge.

I am the only Daughter of Counsellor *N. E.* who brought me up in the Fear of God, and gave me a Writing-Master, which is a rare thing! I was not quite Thirteen Years of Age, when a Gentleman of Quality, though not very rich, began to express his Love to me, by Letters, which he (gaining my Writing-Master) sent to me by him. There was nothing in the World so obliging, civil, modest, endearing, as his Expressions seemed to me; and at last having the Opportunity of meeting him, at the House of one of his Aunts, his Person and Conversation did so charm my Heart, that a few Days after we gave one another reciprocal Promises

mises of an eternal Union: But by a Letter
 which was miscarried, and fell into my Father's
 Hands, our honest Designs were discovered;
 and without telling me any thing, he went to
 see the Gentleman, and spoke to him in this
 Manner. " Sir, My Daughter in Discharge
 " of her Duty to so good a Father, has com-
 " municated to me your honourable Designs,
 " and I come to thank you for the Honour you
 " are pleased to do my Family: But, being,
 " so young, we think proper to put off the Per-
 " formance of it, till she comes to be Fifteen
 " Years of Age. Now she, and I as a Father
 " to you both (for now I look upon you as my
 " own Son) do desire of you the Favour not to
 " give any public Occasion of Censure to the
 " watchful Neighbours, and if you have any
 " Regard for her, I hope you will do this and
 " more for her, and for me. And to shew you
 " my great Affection, I offer you a Captain's
 " Commission in the Regiment that the City
 " raiseth for the King, and advise you may com-
 " ply with, our Desire." The Gentleman ac-
 cepted it, and the next Day the Commission was
 sign'd and delivered to him, with an Order to
 go to *Catalonia*. At the same time, the Writ-
 ing-Master was sent out of the Town, under
 Pretence of receiving some Money; so he
 could not get an opportunity of seeing or writ-
 ing to me; for my Father told him, I was sick
 in Bed. As soon as he left the Town, my Father

told me, that he was dead, and I must retire myself into the Nunnery, for that was his Will : So immediately he brought me here, and gave severe Directions to the Mother Abbess, not to let me see any Body but himself. * Indeed he spared nothing to please me, till I received the Habit, and made the Profession and Vows of a Monastical Life : After which, he told me the whole Story himself ; and the Gentleman was kill'd in *Catalonia* the first Campaign.

I do Confess, that, ever since, I did not care what became of me, and I have abandon'd myself to all the Sins I have been capable of committing. It is but Ten Months since I made my Profession, and bound myself to Perpetuity, tho' I did it without Intention. I am not a Nun before God, nor obliged to keep the Vow of Religion ; and of this Opinion are many other Nuns, especially Ten young Nuns, my intimate Friends, who, as well as I, do communicate to one another the most secret things of our Hearts.

Each of this Assembly has her *Devoto*, and are every Day in the Afternoon at the Grate : We shew one another the Letters we receive from them, and there is nothing that we do not invent for the Accomplishment of our Pleasure.

Conf. Pray, confess your own Sins, and omit the Sins of your Friends.

Nun.

Nun. I cannot, for my Sins are so confounded with the Sins of my Friends, that I cannot mention the one without the other.

But coming now to my greatest Sins; I must tell you, that a Nun of our Assembly has a Fryar her *Devoto*, the most beautiful among Men, and we contrived and agreed to bring him into the Convent, as we did, and have kept him two and twenty Days in our Chamber: During which Time we went to the Grate very seldom, on Pretence of not being well. We have given no Scandal, for no Body has suspected the least thing in the Case. And this is the greatest Sin I have committed with Man.

Conf. Pray tell me, how could you let him in without Scandal?

Nun. One of the Assembly contrived to matt all the Floor of her Chamber, and sent for the Matt-maker to take Measure of the Length and Breadth of the Room, and to make it in one Piece, and send it to the sexton's Chamber, who is a poor ignorant Fellow. When the Matt was there, and the Man paid for it, One Day in the Evening we sent the Sexton on several Messages and kept the Key of his Room. The Fryar had ask'd Leave of his Prior to go into the Country for a Month's Time, and disguising himself in a Lay-man's Habit, he came in the Dusk of the Evening into the Sexton's Room, and rolling himself up in the Matt, two Porters brought the Matt to the Door, where

where we were waiting for it ; and taking it, we carried it up to one of our Chambers. We were afraid the porters would discover the Thing, but by Money we have secured our selves from them ; for we hired Ruffians to make away with them. We put him out of the Convent in a great Chest which could be opened on the Inside, and of which he had a Key, and giving the Chest to the Sexton. He and the Servant of the Convent carried it into the Sexton's Room. We ordered him to leave the Key at the Door, for we expected some Relations, which were to take a Collation there ; and we sent him on some Errand till the Fryar had got out of the Chest, and of Danger.

A Month after, three of our Friends began to perceive the Condition they were in, and left the Convent in one Night, by which they have given great Scandal to the City, and we do not know what is become of them ; as for me, I do design the same, for I am under the same Apprehensions and Fears ; for I consider, that if I do continue in the Convent, my big Belly will discover me, and tho' one Life should be saved, I shall lose mine by the Rules of our Order in a miserable Manner ; and not only so, but a heavy Reflection will fall upon the whole Order, and the Dishonour of my Family will be the more publick : Whereas, if I quit the Convent by Night, I save two Lives, and the World will reflect only upon me, and then I shall take Care
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to go so far off, that no body shall hear of me. And as I am sure in my Conscience, that I am not a Nun for want of Intention, when I did promise to keep *Obedience, Chastity, Poverty, and Perpetuity*, I shall not incur the Crime of Apostacy, in leaving the Convent ; and if I do continue in it, I am resolved to prevent my Ruin and Death by a strong operating Remedy. This is all I have to say, and do expect from you not only your Advice, but your Assistance too.

Conf. I find the Case so intricate, that I want Experience and Learning, to resolve what to do in it ; and I do think it proper for you, to send for another Confessor of Years and Learning, and then you shall have the Satisfaction of being well directed and advised.

Nun. Now, Reverend Father, I do tell you positively, that I shall never open my Heart to another Confessor, while I live ; and if you do not advise me what to do, I shall call you before God for it ; and now I lay upon you whatever may be the Consequence.

Conf. Ignorance will excuse me from Sin, and I tell you, that I am ignorant how to resolve the Case.

Nun. I am resolved for all Events ; and if you refuse me this small Comfort, I shall cry out, and say, that you have been soliciting and corrupting me in the very Act of Confession, and you shall suffer for it in the Inquisition.

Conf.

Conf. Well, have Patience; Means may be found out; and if you give me Leave to consult the Case, I shall resolve about it in three Days Time.

Nun. How can you consult my Case, without exposing the Order, and my Reputation too perhaps, by some Circumstances?

Conf. Leave it to me, and be not uneasy about it, and I do promise to come with the Resolution on *Sunday* next.

Nun. Pray Father if it be possible, come next *Monday* Morning, and I shall be free from Company.

Conf. It is very well: But in the mean Time, have before your Eyes the Wrath of God against those that abandon themselves, and not forget that he is a living God to punish suddenly great Sinners; and with this farewell.

My Mind never before was so much troubled, as it was after this Case. I was more by the Interest of others, than by my Learning, appointed Penitentiary Confessor in the Cathedral Church of *St. Salvator*; and as the Duty of such a Confessor, is to be every Day in the Morning four Hours in the Confessionary, from Eight to Twelve, except he be called abroad, every Body thinks, that such a Confessor must be able to resolve all Cases and Difficulties; But it was not so with me; for I was young, and without Experience. And as to this Case,
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the next Academical Day, I propos'd it in the following Manner.

There is a Person bound by Word of Mouth, but at the same Time without Intention, nay, with a Mind and Heart averse to it; bound, I say, to *Obedience, Chastity and Poverty*. If the Person leaves the Convent, the Crime of Apostacy is not committed in *foro interno*; and if the Person continues in the Convent, the Consequence is to be a great Sinner in *foro externo & interno*. The Person expects the Resolution, or else is fully resolved to expose the Confessor to Scandal, and personal Sufferings: This is the Case which I humbly lay down before your learned Reverences.

The President's Opinion was, That in such a Case, the Confessor was oblig'd in the first Place, to reveal it in general Terms to the Holy Inquisitors; for (said he) tho' this Case is not mentioned in our Authors, there are others very like this, which ought to be revealed, *viz.* all those that are against either the temporal or spiritual Good of our Neighbour, which Cases are reserv'd to the Bishop, or to his Deputy; and this Case, by the last Circumstance, being injurious to the Holy Tribunal, the Confessor ought, to prevent Scandal which might otherwise fall upon him, to reveal the last Circumstance. As for the first Circumstances of the Case, in this and others we must judge *secundum allegata & probata*; and
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we must suppose, that no Penitent comes to confess with a Lie in his Mouth ; therefore, if the Person affirms that he was bound without Intention, he is free before God : Besides, *in rebus dubiis minimum est sequendum* ; so to prevent greater Evil, I think the Person may be advised to quit the Convent ; and this is agreeable to the Pope's Dispensations to such Persons, when they swear, and produce Witness, that (before they were bound to the Vow) heard the Person say, they had no Intention to it.

The Reverend Mr. *Palomo's* Opinion was, that the Confessor was to take the safest Part, which was to advise the Penitent to send to *Rome* for a DISPENSATION, which could be obtained by Money, or to the Pope's *Nuncio*, who would give Leave to quit the CONVENT for Six Months, upon Necessity of preserving, or recovering the bodily Health ; and in that Time, may be the Person would dissipate some Fumes of Grief or Melancholick Fancies, &c.

But I replied to this, that the Person could not do the first, for want of Witness ; nor the second, for being in perfect Health, the Physician never would grant his Certificate to be produced before the Pope's *Nuncio*, which is absolutely necessary in such Cases ; and as to revealing the Case to the Holy Inquisitors, it was very dangerous both to the Person and the Confessor, as we could prove by several Instances.

Upon

Upon this, several of the Members being of my Opinion, it was resolved, that the Confessor, first of all, was to absolve the Penitent, having a Bull of *Cruzada*, and *extra Confessionem*, or out of Confession give, as a private Person, Advice to the Penitent, to quit the Convent, and to take a Certificate wherein the Penitent was to specify, that the Confessor had given such Advice, *extra actum Confessionis*. The Case and Resolution was entered in the Academy's Book: And accordingly, *Monday* following, I went to the Nun, and performed what was resolved; and the very same Week, we heard in the City, that such a Nun had made her escape out of the Convent.

Two Years and a Half after this, I saw this very Nun one Day at the Court of *Lisbon*, but I did not speak with her; for as I was then dress'd like an Officer of the Army, I thought she could not know me; but I was mistaken, for she knew me in my Disguise, as well as I did her. The next Day she came to my Lodgings followed by a Lacquey, who, by her Orders, had dogged me the Night before. I was so troubled for fear of being discovered, that I thought the best Way I could take, was to run away, and secure myself in an *English* Ship: But by her first Words, I discovered, that her Fear was greater than mine; for after giving me an Account of her Escape out of the Convent, and safe Delivery, she told me, that a *Portuguesa*

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Captain

Captain happening to quarter in the same Town where she was, took her away one Night, and carried her to *Parcelona*, but that refusing to comply with his Desires, on any but honourable Terms, he had married her, and brought her to *Lisbon*: That her Husband knew nothing of her having been a Nun; that she took another Name, and that she was very happy with her Husband who was very rich, and a Man of good Sense. She begged me with Tears in her Eyes, not to ruin her by discovering any thing of her Life past. I assured her, that nothing should happen on my Account, that should disoblige her. Afterwards she asked me why I was not dressed in a Clerical Habit? To which I desired her, to take no Notice of that, for I was there upon secret Business, and of great Consequence; and that as there was no Body there who knew me in *Saragossa*, it was proper to be disguised. She desired my Leave to introduce me to her Husband, under the Title of a Country Gentleman, who was come thither for *Charles III's* Sake. I thanked her, and she went home overjoy'd with my Promise, and I no less with her's. The next Day her Husband came to visit me, and ever after, we almost every Day visited one another, till I left that City. This I dare say, she was a better Wife, than she had been a Nun, and lived more religiously in the World, than she had done in the Cloister.

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The Second CONFESSION is of a Woman to Father Joseph.

Leonore. **M**Y Reverend Father, I come to this place to make a general Confession of all the Sins I have committed in the whole Course of my Life, or of all those that I can remember.

Conf. How long have you been in preparing yourself, for this general Confession?

Leon. Eight Days.

Conf. Eight Days are not enough to recollect yourself, and bring into your Memory all the Sins of your Life.

Leon. Father, have Patience till you hear me, and then you may judge whether my Confession be perfect or imperfect.

Conf. And how long is it since you confessed the last time?

Leon. The last time I confessed was the Sunday before Easter, which is Eleven Months and Twenty Days.

Conf. Did you accomplish the Penance then imposed upon you?

Leon. Yea, Father.

Conf. Begin then your Confession.

Leon. I have neglected my Duty towards God, by whose holy Name I have many times sworn. I have not sanctified his Holidays, as I was obliged by Law, nor honoured my Parents and

Superiors. I have many and many Times desired the Death of my Neighbours, when I was in a Passion. I have been deeply engaged in amorous Intrigues with many People of all Ranks, but these two Years past most constantly with *Don Pedro. Haste*, who is the only Support of my Life.

Conf. Now I find out the Reason why you have so long neglected to come to confess; and I do expect, that you will tell me all the Circumstances of your Life, that I may judge of the present State of your Conscience.

Leon. Father, as for the Sins of my Youth, till I was Sixteen Years of Age, they are of no great Consequence, and I hope God Almighty will pardon me. Now, my general Confession begins from that Time, when I fell into the first Sin, which was in the following Manner.

The Confessor of our Family was a *Franciscan* Fryar, who was absolutely Master in our House; for my Father and Mother were entirely governed by him. It was about that time of my Life I lost my Mother; and a Month after her my Father died, leaving all his Substance to the Father Confessor to dispose of at his own Fancy, reserving only a certain Part, which I was to have to settle me in the World, conditionally, that I should be obedient to him. A Month after my Father's Death, the Fryar, on Pretence of taking Care of every Thing that was in the House, ordered
a Bed

a Bed for himself in the Chamber next to mine, where my Maid also used to lye. The first Night he came Home, after Supper he thus addressed himself to me. " My Daughter, you " may with Reason call me your Father, for " you are the only Child your Father left under my Care : Your Patrimony is in my " Hands, and you ought to obey me blindly " in every thing : So, in the first Place, order " your Maid's Bed to be removed out of your " own Chamber into another." Which being done accordingly, we parted, and went each to our own Room ; but in less than an Hour after, he came into my Chamber, and partly by Flattery and fair Promises, partly by Threatning, he deprived me of the best Patrimony, my Innocence. We continued this Course of Life, till, as I believe, he grew tired of me, for, two Months after, he took every Thing out of the House, and went to his Convent, where dying in Ten Days time, I lost the Patrimony left me by my Father, and with it all Means of Support ; for, as my Parents had spared nothing in my Education, and I had always been kept in the greatest Affluence of every thing, you may judge how sensibly I was affected with the miserable Condition I was then left in, having Servants to keep, and nothing to supply even the necessary Expences of the House. This made me the more ready to accept the first Offer should be made me ; and

my Condition being known to an Officer in the Army, he came to offer me his humble Service. I complied with his Desire, and so for two Years we lived together, till he being obliged to repair to his Regiment, then quarter'd in *Catalonia*, left me, though with an Appointment more than sufficient for my Subsistence during his Absence; but all our Correspondence was broke off by his Death, which followed soon after. Then, resolving to alter my Life and Conversation, I went to a Confessor, and, after having given an Account of my Life, asking my Name, he promised he would come to see me next Day, and to put me into a comfortable and creditable Way of Living. I was very glad of such a Patron, and waited at home for him the next Day. The Father came, and after various Discourses, he led me by the Hand into my Chamber, and told me, if I was willing to put into his Hands my Jewels, and what else of Value I had got from the Officer, he would engage to get a Gentleman suitable to my Condition to marry me. I did every thing, as he desired me, and so taking with him all I had in the World, he carried them to his Cell. The next Day he came to see me, and made me another Proposal very different from what I expected; for he told me, that I must comply with his Desire, or else he would expose me, and inform against me to the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition: So, rather than

than incur that Danger, and having nothing to live upon (for he kept my Jewels) I was obliged, for the Space of Six Months, to abandon myself to many other Gentlemen, by whom I was maintained.

At last, he left me, and I still continued my wicked Life, unlawfully conversing both with married and unmarried Gentlemen, a whole Year, not daring to confess, for fear of meeting the like Success in another Confessor.

Conf. But how could you fulfil the Precept of the Church, and not be exposed in the Church after *Easter*, all that while?

Leon. I went to an old easy Father, and promised him a Pistole for a Certificate of Confession, which he gave me without enquiring into the Matter; and so I satisfied the Curate of the Parish with that. But, last Year I went to confess, and the Confessor was very strict, and would not give me Absolution, because I was an habitual Sinner; but I gave him Five Pistoles for ten Masses, and then he told me, that a Confessor's Duty was to take Care of the Souls in Purgatory, and that, upon their Account, he could not refuse me Absolution; so that way I escaped the Censure of the Church.

Conf. How long is it since you broke off your sinful Life?

Leon. But Six Weeks.

Conf. I cannot absolve you now, but come again next *Thursday*, and I will consult upon all
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the Circumstances of your Life, and then I will absolve you.

Leon. Father, I have more to say; for I stole from the Church a Chalice, by the Advice of the said Confessor, and he made use himself of the Money I got for the Silver, which I cut in Pieces; and I did converse unlawfully several Times in the Church with him. To this I must add an infinite Number of Sins by *Thought, Word* and *Deed* I have committed in this time, especially with the last Person of my Acquaintance, though at present I am free from him.

Conf. Pray give me leave to consult upon all these Things, and I will resolve them to you the next Confession: Now go in Peace.

An Account of a CONFESSOR's Companion betraying a young Lady to a Grandee of Spain.

A Lady of the first Rank, of Eighteen Years of Age, the only Heiress of a considerable Estate, was kept by her Parents at a Distance from all Sorts of Company, except only that of the Confessor of the Family, who was a learned and devout Man: But as these Reverends have always a Father Companion to assist them at Home and Abroad, many Times the Mischief is contrived and effected unknown to the Confessor, by his wicked Companion; so it happened in this Instance. The Fame of the wonder-

wonderful Beauty of this young Lady was spread so far abroad, that the King and Queen being in the City for eight Months together, and not seeing the celebrated Beauty at their Court, Her Majesty asked her Father one Day, Whether he had any Children? And when he answered, that he had only one Daughter, he was desired by the Queen to bring her along with him to Court the next Day, for she had a great Desire to see her Beauty that was so much admired both at Home and Abroad. The Father could not refuse it, and so the next Day the Lady appeared at Court, and was so much admired, that a Grandee (who had then the Command of the Army, though not of his own Passions) said, *This is the first Time I have seen the Sun among the Stars.* The Grandee began to covet that inestimable Jewel, and his Heart burning in the agreeable Flame of her Eyes, he went to see her Father, but could not see the Daughter. At last (all his Endeavours being vain, for he was married) he sent for the Confessor's Companion, whose Interest and Mediation he got by Money and fair Promises of raising him to an Ecclesiastical Dignity: So by that Means he sent a Letter to the Lady, who read it, and by the Companion's Persuasions she answered it, and in a few days he got her Consent to disguise himself, and come and see her along with the Father Companion. So one Evening in the dark, putting on a Friar's Habit, he

he went up to her Chamber, where he was always in Company with the companion Fryar, who, by crafty Insinuations, made the Lady understand, that if she did not comply with every thing that the Grandee should desire, her Life and Reputation were lost. In the same Disguise they saw one another several times, to the Grandee's great Satisfaction, and her hearty Grief and Vexation.

But the Court being gone, the young Lady began to suspect some public Proof of her Intrigue, till then secret, and consulting the Father Companion about it, he did what he could to prevent it, but in vain. The Misfortune was suspected, and owned by her to her Parents. The Father died of very Grief, in eight Days time : And the Mother went into the Country with her Daughter, till she was free from her Disease, and afterwards, both Ladies, Mother and Daughter, retired into a Monastery, where I knew and conversed several times with them. The Gentleman had made his Will long before, by which the Convent was to get the Estate, in Case the Lady should die without Children ; and as she had taken the Habit of a Nun, and professed the Vows of Religion, the Prior was so ambitious, that he asked the Estate ; alledging, that she, being a professed Nun, could not have Children. To which the Lady reply'd, that she was obliged to obey her Father's Will, by which she was Mistress of the Estate during her Life ;

Life ; adding, that it was better for the Father Prior not to insist upon his Demand, for she was ruined in her Reputation by the Wickedness of one of his Fryers, and that she, if pressed, would shew her own Child, who was the only Heir of her Father's Estate. But the Prior, deaf to her Threatnings, carried on his Pretension, and by an Agreement (not to make the thing more publick than it was, for very few knew the true Story) the Prior got the Estate, obliging the Convent to give the Lady and her Mother, during their Lives, 400 Pistoles every Year, the whole Estate being 5000 yearly Rent.

I could give several more Instances of this Nature, to convince, that the Confessors, Priests and Fryers, are the fundamental and original Cause of almost all the Misdoings and Mischiefs that happen in Families. By the Instances already given, every Body may easily see the secret Practices of some of the *Romish* Priests, which are an Abomination to the Lord, especially in the Holy Tribunal of Confession. So I may conclude, that *Confession* is the *Mint* of Fryers and Priests ; the Sins of the Penitents, the *Metals* ; the Absolutions, the *Coin* ; and the *Confessors*, the *Keepers* of it.

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The private CONFESSION of a Priest, whom we shall call Don Paulo, at the Point of Death.

Don Paulo. **S**INCE God Almighty is pleased to visit me with this Sickness, I ought to make good Use of the Time I have to live, and I desire of you to help me with your Prayers, and to take the T'rouble of my Confession, which is as follows.

My Sins I confess, in the first Place, That I have frequented the Parish Club Twelve Years. We were only six Parish Priests in it; and there we did consult and contrive all the Ways to satisfy our Passions. Every Body had a List of the handsomest Women in the Parish; and when one had a Fancy to see any Woman remarkable for her Beauty, in another's Parish, the Priest of her Parish sent for her to his own House; and having prepared the Way for Wickedness, the other had nothing to do, but to meet her there, and fulfil his Desires; and so we have served one another for these Twelve Years past. Our Method has been, to persuade their Husbands and Fathers not to hinder them any spiritual Comfort; and to persuade the Ladies to be subject to our Advice and Will; and that in so doing, they should have Liberty at any Time to go out, on Pretence of communicating some spiritual Business to the Priest: And if they refuse to do it, then we should
speak

Speak to their Husbands and Fathers, not to let them go out at all ; or, which would be worse for them, we should inform against them to the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition. And by these diabolical Persuasions, they were always at our Command, without Fear of revealing the Secret.

I have spared no Woman of my Parish, whom I had a Fancy for, and many other of my Brethren's Parishes ; but I cannot tell the Number. I have sixty *Nepotes* alive, of several Women : But my principal Care ought to be of those that I have by the two young Women I kept at home since their Parents dy'd. Both are Sisters, and I have by the eldest two Boys, and by the youngest one ; and one which I had by my own Sister is dead. Therefore I leave to my Sister, Five Thousand Pistoles, upon Condition that she would enter Nun in St. *Bernard's* Monastery ; and upon the same Condition, I leave Two Thousand Pistoles a piece to the two young Women ; and the Remainder I leave to my three *Nepotes*, under the Care of Mr. *John Peralta*, and ordering that they should be Heirs to one another, if any one of them should die before they are settled in the World ; and if all should die, I leave the Money to the Treasury of the Church, for the Benefit of the Souls in Purgatory. *Item*, I order, That all the Papers of such a little Trunk be burnt after my Confession is over (which was

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done

done accordingly) and that the Holy Bull of the Dead be brought before I die, that I may have the Comfort of having at home the Pope's Pass for the next World. Now I ask your Penance and Absolution for all the Sins reserved in all the Bulls, from the first Pope; for which Purpose I have taken the Bull of Privileges in such Cases as mine. So I did absolve him, and assist him afterwards and he died the next Day.

Now I leave any one to judge of these Misdoings, and of the Virtue and Honesty of the Priests of the Church of *Rome*.

The Adventure of Theresa and the Dwarf.

THERESA, the natural Daughter of Cardinal *Cantelmi*, had every agreeable Qualification that Nature or Art could furnish; being extremely beautiful, witty, and well bred. As she deserv'd she was admir'd by every one that beheld her, and particularly her Father, who allow'd her a profuse Maintenance. She had from him abundance of Wit, and as he, tho' accounted the most learned and ingenious Man in his Time, yet was not over strict in his Morals, so she was as little servile to them as her Sex would allow.

She had for her Page a little Youth nam'd *Fantasio*, a Boy of ready Wit, and an admirable Talent in relating of Stories. After he had told her one full of wanton Images of Love,
while

while she was bathing, she liked his Way of telling it, and the Subject. so well, that she could not help thus expressing herself.

“ My dear little *Cupid* (cry’d Donna *Theresa*)
 “ finding he had ended his Story, with what
 “ manly Air hast thou told this Tragical Tale ?
 “ How sensibly didst thou talk of the Trans-
 “ ports of Love, and all the Excesses of its
 “ dissolving Raptures, as if, by some Miracle,
 “ thou hadst known what they were ? Oh !
 “ my dear little Miniature of Man, that thou
 “ wert as capable of easing my Pains, as thy
 “ Tongue has been of raising them ! ” Then
 grasping him with some Eagerness, on that Ejaculation, he tumbled into the Bath with his Gown on. She started up at the Accident, and caught him in her Arms, to prevent his being frighted at the Fall ; and pulling off his Gown and his Shirt, threw them aside, and ringing the Bell, she bid the Maids take and dry them, and ordered him to stand still in the Bath, which would do him no Harm, but refresh him.

The Maids being gone, she placed him by her Side on the Step of the Couch, but kept her Arm round him, for fear he should fall any farther, and gave him a Thousand Kisses. She suffered his Hands to wander wherever he pleased, which gave an insipid Satisfaction to both, tho’ it served only to raise their mutual Desires. Then he sung her this Song, and

used all the Liberty she gave his seeming Innocence, to rouse up her Wishes to their utmost Extent.

*AH! how sweet to see the Eyes
Rolling in their humid Fires,
When the Nymph extended lyes,
Full of Love and warm Desires!
Conscious Red her Face o'erspreading,
And her heaving Bosom rising,
Murmuring Sighs her Joys disguising;
Happy Lovers only know
The Bliss that from true Love does flow.*

He had scarce done singing, when she caught him in her Arms and cryed out “ My dear little Creature ! were the Gods of old *Rome* still
“ in Fashion, I should swear you were *Cupid*
“ come to rife my Charms in the pleasing Dis-
“ guise of a Boy. I love you more (reply'd he)
“ than *Cupid* could do, (and pressed her Bosom with his Fingers as hard as he was able.) “ It
“ is not impossible (continued he) for Beauties
“ such as yours to work greater Miracles, than
“ all the Heathen Brood of imaginary Deities,
“ which having given my Heart so fierce a
“ Flame, may supply the Capacity of appeasing
“ its Rage, which would not else be expected
“ from my Person and Appearance.

Infinitely pleased with the Flattery, and prompted by a warm Imagination, she listed him

him up in her Arms, and threw him on her Bosom, when she made the Discovery of the Miracle he promised, finding him indeed sufficiently capable of easing both her Desires and his own. Her wanton Hand, unsatisfy'd with what she felt, run over his naked Body, scarce yet convinced of her Error ; till unable to defer the Joy, and unwilling to give her Time to recover her Surprise, he easily took Possession of a Fort that was not provided for a Siege.

Having often repeated the Effect, to convince her Incredulity, she laid him at last vanquish'd on her panting snowy Bosom : “ What Dream
 “ is this (said she, in some Extasy) my charming
 “ little *Cupid*, that I have had ; for it is impossible it should be real ; what Pleasures,
 “ what unexpected Raptures have I felt, which
 “ no Mortal could impart ! Thou sure art some
 “ diviner Power transform'd into Flesh and
 “ Blood, to surprize us with Joys, which without thee 'tis impossible for Women to know.

After a Thousand fond Caresses, and frequent Assurances of his Mortality ; that he was a Man of Eighteen Years of Age, and capable of answering her warmest Desires, she seem'd quite transported, her Pleasure being heighten'd by the Novelty. She then charged him to keep his good Fortune a Secret from all the World, and assured him, that for the future he should be her constant Bed-fellow ; for by the false Appearance of his Person, she would be

secure from Scandal and Suspicion : And that she should now be as jealous and fearful of the Women, as he had been of the Men ; and therefore her Bed should be their Security from both.

Now leaving him on the watry Scene of her Pleasure, she got out of the Bath, and rose a no less charming *Venus* from the little Bed of Waters, than the fabulous *Amphitrite* from that of the Ocean. She left the warmer *Adonis* full of Satisfaction and Pleasure in this fortunate Adventure ; and having dried her lovely Body, she veiled it with her Shift and her Gown, and went herself for the Robes to dress her Darling ; but his Gown not being yet dry, she brought him a Shirt and Cloaths, and lifted him out of the Bath. With Eyes yet incredulous, she could scarce believe his visible Credentials of Manhood : she kissed him all over, and vowed she had never seen a Sight so amazing, so delightful and compleat, as the admirable Proportion and Harmony of his Parts. Then seating him in her Lap, she dressed him with her own charming Hands, and led him into the Saloon to a Collation that waited their coming, where with richest Wines they recruited the pleasing Expend of Love.

That being over, they went to Bed together, where placing him in the Ivory Pale of her Arms, and on the sweetest Bosom in the World, they revelled in Pleasure, as long as either was capable

capable of giving or receiving Joy. At last, the low, Ebb of Love being come, in the midst of soft Kisses they fell both asleep.

The Morn returning, he first escaped from the Image of Death, and with Kisses and soft Caresses, gently drove away the drowsy-laden God, who had too long usurped the finest Eyes in the World; and paying their Orisons to *Cupid*, they slipt on their Gowns, and went into the Closet, where *Theresa* took from her Scrutore a Picture, and several Papers relating to her amorous Affairs; and sitting down by him on the Couch, and casting a languishing Regard on the Picture, she gave two or three Sighs, and let fall a Pearly Shower from her Eyes, which gave a new, but melancholy Grace to her Countenance. He then began to suck up the balmy Drops with the greedy Thirst of his Love, and smother her rising Sighs with the Fury of his Kisses, when, " Ah! my *Cupid*,
 " said she, far be this unfortunate Lover's
 " Fate from thee! Behold a cruel Victim
 " to these Beauties for which he fell in my
 " Arms, not by my Severity, but the bloody
 " Revenge of my Uncle the Cardinal, who
 " finding him in my Bed, with Obdurance un-
 " heard of, was deaf to all my pituous Cries
 " and Prayers for his Life."

Here again she wept a beautiful Flood, and fixed a Thousand burning Kisses on the Picture.
 " Ah! Madam, said he, you make me envy
 " his

" his Fate, who even beyond the Grave can
 " give you this Concern. Who would not be
 " embalmed in those Tears, and affect so in-
 " estimable a Heart in so tender a Manner? I
 " swear to you, my divine Charmer, by your
 " Beauty, I grow jealous of that Shadow, and
 " beg your Generosity to lay it aside; and if
 " the Original must entertain your Thoughts,
 " let it be, by relating his glorious *Catastro-*
 " *phe*; for, to fall for the most perfect of all
 " the Sex, merits our Envy more than Pity.
 " How many *Greek* and *Trojan* Heroes fell in
 " the Ten Years Contest for *Helen*, who never
 " was Mistress of Charms so commanding as
 " *Theresa* discovers in every Part? while the
 " Cause they fought for, and the Valour she
 " inspired, has given them Immortality a-
 " mong the Demi-Gods.

" Thou sweet Flatterer, said she, I have
 " done: The Image of the poor unfortunate
 " *Casanata* shall rest in my Drawers, while I
 " give thee the Tragical History of our A-
 " mours; but the Affairs of others being so
 " intermixt with mine, that they cannot be se-
 " parated without laming the Narration, I can-
 " not help mingling their pleasant Adventures
 " with his that are melancholly.

Theresa

Theresa continues her Story to the Dwarf; her Amour with the Count Luciano, the Letters that passed betwixt them, and the Cardinal's Revenge executed on the Baron Casanatta.

I Must inform my dearest Creature, that instead of being the Cardinal's Niece, I am his Daughter; for while he was Bishop of *Fermo*, a Ship of *Malta* brought in a *Turkish* Merchantman, which he had taken. Among the Captives of which Ship was my Mother, a beautiful *Greek* Slave, who was passing from the *Morea* to *Egypt*, to her Father that was there a Factor. The Cardinal happened to be in that Port, and had no sooner cast his Eyes on the beautiful *Greek*, but he was wounded with Love, and agreed with the Captain of the *Maltese* for a Price; and having placed her at a convenient House in *Bononia*, he took such Opportunities of Conversation, that she yielded up her Charms, and received the Cardinal by a kind of Duty, to her Bed, from whence sprung your *Theresa*. A few Years she bred me, and then she died; the Cardinal loving my Mother extreamly, took a particular Care of me, the only Pledge of their Love. Being grown up to Twelve Years old, and he now the Archbishop of *Capua*, he took me home, as Daughter to his Sister, and his Niece; he spared no Cost for my Instruction in all that was fit
for

for a Woman of Quality to learn, and was so fond of me, as to give up the Reins of Conduct to my childish Will, but yet careful of protecting my Innocence from the Treachery and Surprize of those, whom my Beauty might inflame to assault my Honour. To this End he placed as a Guardian, or Governant at a Distance, an old decrepit antiquated Maid, who never had Charms enough to provoke an Address in her Youth, and was as watchful as *Argus* to prevent the Pleasures she could not enjoy in her Age.

She had a low Forehead, beetle Brow, great goggle Eyes, a high thin Nose, and a Chin that turned up to meet it; hollow Cheeks, with the Bones sticking out like Excrescences; a hunch Back, swarthy Skin, no Breasts, but in their Place, two flabby empty yellow Bags, that hung down before; one Leg shorter than the other, and a Breath that would kill at a Distance. Yet, with all these Defects and Deformities, her Discourse was perpetually of her Virtue, and the *Quondam* Conquests of her Eyes, and the Resistance she had made against the most vigorous Onsets of a perpetual Succession of Lovers. The Extravagance of her Humour would sometimes entertain me, for I never admitted her, but to divert me, though her Charge was to be watchful of me.

I was now turning of Fourteen Years of Age, and full as ripe for Love, as any of my Sex in
Italy,

Italy, drawing perhaps an amorous Constitution from both my Father and Mother ; for those who are got in the Liberty of Desire, are doubtless more gay and more vigorous than the dull Product of the formal Embraces of a Husband and Wife, which has given me a perpetual Aversion to that imperious Animal called a Husband, who, as far as my little Observation can lead me, seems like the Dog in the Manger, or the Misers of the Age, who fondly hoard up Bags of Gold from the World, which they have no Capacity, or Will to enjoy. The Cardinal was now dignified with a Hat, which drew several considerable Persons to apply for my Heart. Among the rest, I was persecuted with the Addresses of the Count *Luciano*, Son to the Duke of *Metalone*, who was no disagreeable Person.

The first Time he saw me was in the Chapel of the *Domo*, where the Cardinal sung Mass, and a great Concourse of People were got together to see the miraculous liquifying of the Blood of St. *Januarius* : It happened that our Devotion, or Curiosity, had placed us very near the Operation, and to make a fuller View, I had discovered my Face pretty plain ; which I presently found had rivaled the Saint in the Contemplation of Count *Luciano*. The next Day I received this Letter.

Theresa then gave him the following Letter, which he read to this Purpose.

LETTER

LETTER I.

LOVE at first Sight.

IF, Madam, you know your own Charms, which few Women are unacquainted with, you will not wonder, that the Sight of those conquering Eyes should engage a Heart so sensible of Perfections as mine. I confess, that I am not easily subdued; nay, with Vanity boast, that nothing less beautiful than yourself could give me any Concern; but not to be vanquished by you, is rebelling against Reason. Heaven has set so visible a Stamp of itself upon you, that not to adore you would be a Sort of Impiety. Consider yourself well then, Madam, you will easily believe my Profession sincere; and that it is impossible to see you, and not love you. But alas! if you should view your self with my Eyes, if you should really know your own Charms, as well as I, it must be my Ruin; for you then would be sensible, that nothing mortal could deserve you. Be like the Heavens you represent, and let Love be your Purchase; if I might hope that, I could no longer despair; for oh! I love beyond all Humankind! Peace has forsook my Thoughts, Sleep has fled my Eyes, and nothing remains to keep Nature alive, but the Reflection on those Charms, that ravished my Eyes from the miraculous

culous Blood. As you are fairer than all your Sex, so be more just and compassionate. 'Tis more worthy the Excellence of your Beauty, to bestow Happiness than Misery: Without your Pity, I am the most miserable of Men, but with it, I should not envy the Glory of Crowns: But Words are too poor to express your Beauty, and my Life spent in your Service, can never let you know the least Portion of my Passion. Disdain not therefore a Love which none but you could inspire or reward, and only I could receive: You know your Power, and you know your Slave, let your Rule be as pleasing as your Eyes, and then I shall be fond of my Captivity, as long as I am,

M A D A M,

Your Devoted Slave,

LUCIANO.

Having done reading, she pursued her Discourse in this Manner.

I took no Notice of the Letter, nor sent him any Answer, till he had repeated the Importunity so often that I sent him the following Billet.

My LORD,

“ I Wonder at your inpertinence, that, to
 “ I please yourself, should take such a World
 “ of Pains to be troublesome to me. If you
 “ think me fond of Gallantries of this Nature,
 “ I can only convince you of your Error, by
 M “ assur-

“ assuring you, that yours has not found the
 “ Way to be agreeable to me : I therefore
 “ desire you to teaze me no more, but suffer
 “ me to enjoy my own innocent Pleasures,
 “ without any Interruption, in which I believe
 “ you affect more to shew your Wit, than your
 “ Love.

Finding me still, in Spite of all his Billets,
 very averse to his Amour, he resolv'd on ano-
 ther Course, and causes his Pretensions to be
 made known to the Cardinal, who was not a little
 satisfy'd with the honour, assuring him of all his
 Interest in the Case ; not that he would ever
 force my Inclinations, but would allow him a
 more than common Liberty of Access, to give
 his Amour the more easy Passage to my Heart.
 I was not a little surpriz'd to see the Cardinal
 one Evening introduce him ; nor could I be
 so much Mistress of my Resentment, as to hin-
 der an angry Blush from spreading over my
 Face on his Approach. The Cardinal recom-
 mended him as a Person fit for, and worthy of
 my Love, and with a Tone that express'd both
 Authority and Tenderness, let me know, that
 to please him extreamly, I must endeavour to
 like the noble Count *Luciano* for my Husband.

The Cardinal left us together and (tho' the
 Treachery he us'd, in applying to the Cardi-
 nal to obtain what his own Affiduities and Ser-
 vices ought to have gained him, made me re-
 solve never to have him ; yet I gave him as ci-
 vil

vil a Reception as could be expected at the first Interview.

The first Visit being over, I retired to my Closet, and spent the rest of the Evening in reading; early next Morning I received this Letter from the Count.

LETTER II.

For LOVE and MARRIAGE.

IT is impossible to wait all this live-long Day, till the Evening (before which I am not to be so happy as to see you) without conversing with you by Letter; for while I cannot hear the most charming Tongue in the World, it is some Amends to entertain the most beautiful Eyes in the Universe. If, Madam, you could really have any Doubt of my Passion *on Sight*, sure 'tis impossible to continue so groundless an Incredulity, after I have had a nearer and longer View of your Charms; when both my Eyes and Ears, conspired to let your Perfections of Body and Mind into my Heart by every Avenue, if one could not have been sufficient; yet a Force of irresistible Charms joining must render me the most passionate of Men. To see you, is to view the finest Copy of Heaven that Nature ever drew; but to hear you, is to participate of Heaven it self. If my Soul felt before the growing Pangs of Love newly

M 2

born,

born, think now, and reflect what must be the Agonies I feel ! To see you without *Desire*, is impossible ; but to desire without *Hope*, unsupportable. Ah ! too charming, and too cruel Maid ! How could you remain so long incredulous of a Passion too visible in my Eyes, and too evident in my Confusion, to suffer you to be ignorant of it ? But you tell me, *You cannot over*, that you will not marry : Two hateful Bars, I confess, to my Happiness ; which if I cannot remove, I must remain the most *loving* and most *miserable* of Men : But, Madam, sure you cannot be sufficiently acquainted with the Secrets of your Heart, when in it you discover no Seeds of that Passion : Nature could never be preposterous to make you so every Way for Love, and yet destroy the very Aim of her fine Workmanship, by denying you Love. It is impossible, Madam, for any one, who is not your Enemy, to think that you were made for the Curse of Mankind, when we see you adorned with all those Perfections which only make up this *Blessing* ? Love, my everlasting Charmer, *Love is Nature's Voice ; the Soul of the World its Origin and Preservation* ; not to love, therefore, is an Impiety you cannot be guilty of, since 'tis a Sin against Nature, against your own Charms, against your own Happiness ; for she who never loved, never knew the greatest Joy of Life, its most solid and transporting Pleasures. She loses all the fleeting and *never again returning* Minutes of swift-winged Time, in a
dull

dull insipid Circle of Trifles unknow of the lively Joy of Hearts united. You must, therefore, Madam, nay, you will love, tho' you love not me. 'Tis true, and I confess it, a true sincere heart full of you, and full of Love, is all the Merit I have to plead: I frankly own, I cannot deserve your person, or your Love; but then as justly grant me, that those gay Qualities, which usually make the Hearts of the young and unexperienced, their Prize deserve you less. Love has some Claim to Love, tho' the greatest that ever inspired Man, cannot deserve you. No, Madam, whenever you bestow yourself, it must be an Act of *Generosity*, not of Right in him that receives you. This Opinion, Madam, is sufficient to ensure your Happiness with me; for while I must be sensible, that I receive from your Generosity, not my Desert, I must always be paying a gratitude for a Benefit I am always enjoying; while he who is so vain as to plead his Merit, will take you as his due, and so exert a Dominion, which I shall ever be far from claiming. But since you must love, my Charmer, receive the agreeable Passion, as a *Blessing*, not a *Curse*: if you refuse it when *Young*, it will come on you with a double Violence when you are *Old*; and if you deny your Heart to *Sincerity* and *Truth*, it will fall a Victim to *Perjury* and *Hypocrisy*. You seem apprehensive, that Marriage would be the Period of your Freedom of Will, indulged to you from a Child; but how can I think of opposing that

Will, to which I owe all that is valuable in the World? No, no, dear Charmer, you have too strong an ascendant over my Soul, to fear any Period to your Empire, but my Life. You never will marry; good Heaven avert the *infamous Omen*! Pray tell me Why? Sure you have looked on Marriage through the wrong End of the Perspective; turn it, view it better, and you will like it better. Consider, Madam, is Life worth the Possession, without a Partner in our Affairs? Joy is imperfect, while confined to one Breast, and Grief insupportable: this would be lessened, and that exalted, by imparting it to a true Friend. But where can a true Friend be found, but where Interests, as well as Persons are joined? How many Trials are every Day made in vain among the Fair, for *Phoenix*? But in the midst of their dear Confidences, Levity, Jealousy, Interest, or Revenge bursts the *curious Web* asunder, and all the confided Secrets fall out in their most hideous Form and Dress; but the Innocent and Young, like you, are always dealing with Disadvantage, while you bring an *undesigning Sincerity* to barter with experienc'd *Cunning and self-Ends*. 'Tis repeated Infidelities produce a Rupture, and you are at last taught, at your own Cost, that the Friend you have still sought in vain, can only be found in Marriage: But should you chuse a Male Friend (tho' the Correspondence might be innocent) yet will the censorious World never allow those tender Commerces, wholly

wholly disintangled from the Difference of Sex ; and Desire, first or last, will be sure to blow up all the *Platonic* Notions ; while these make an easy Way to more criminal Engagements : then follow Satiety, Incontinency, and a foolish Repetition of all the very same Infidelities and Follies, an hundred times over, and lasting Friendship is scarce to be found, till Marriage discovers the agreeable Secret, and at once comes in with the Quarry, which, in the long Chase, we pursued to no Purpose. The Benefits of Marriage are too many to mention in this Letter ; but all center in this. If you chuse a Man of Sense, and one that loves you, you cannot miss a faithful Friend, and an Empire perpetual. A Fool is obstinate and ungovernable ; but Men of Sense have still been Vassals to the Fair : And thus far I can put my Claim, that I shall never aspire to more, than always to be your faithful Slave.

I found by his not coming that Day, some extraordinary Business had taken him up, which, as I found, was a Visit to his Mother, who was suddenly taken with a desperate Illness in her *Villa*, and expecting only Death, sent for him immediately ; but the next Morning, on his Return, he could not wait till his Visit in the Evening, and therefore sent this Letter to prepare his Way.

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

My adorable Angel,

FOR you are too charming for any thing *Mortal*; I wrote to you yesterday, and tho' I design to throw myself at your Feet, this Evening, yet it being an Age to that time, I cannot delay talking to you so long. As my Mind is ever full of you, so I cannot be easy, till I unburthen my thoughts. Ah! most charming, and most cruel of your Sex, what will you do with me? for 'tis only in your Power to dispose of my Fate to Happiness or Misery: There is no Medium, one or the other must be my Share. Why have you so many Beauties to destroy, and so little Pity to save? 'Tis impossible any Man can love you more than I. Why then should you make any Man more happy? You must, nay, you will yield all those Beauties to the Arms of some one, who will not, cannot love you as I do. What shall I say? What shall I do to make an Impression on your obdurate Heart? Oh! That I but knew the Approaches to the Tenderness of your Soul, that I might melt you into Compassion for him that sighs, and dies for you; for I cannot live without you. No, dear charming Idol of my Soul, as I can have no Happiness but what you give, so can I have no other Life but what you bestow; for what is Life, where there is no Happiness, but Torment,
and

and lingering Pain, which no Man of Spirit can bear ? Alas ! Madam, if you cannot afford a Reality, disguise Cruelty so, that I may flatter myself, that you are not entirely insensible. Ah ! no ; be rather cruel, as you can be, than appear what you are not : That would keep me in the Road of Despair ; but this would shew a Dawn of Happiness, only to plunge me into greater Wretchedness : Let me be rather all wretched than half blest ; but if you can afford a Reality, ah ! charming *Theresa*, give me leave to be as long as I live,

Your Faithful Vassal, LUCIANO.

It will be too tedious to tell you of all the Progresses of a Love so unsuccessful, as it affords nothing surprizing nor various ; Prosecution of odious Affiduities and Attendance, unheeded Vows and Sighs, make up the Narration ; Let it suffice to know, that in some Months Address he could not discover that he had made any Progress in my Heart ; so that after a most passionate Separation over Night, I received this Letter from him the next Morning.

LETTER IV.

OH ! my everlasting Charmer ! What will be the Event of a Passion, which I am not able to bear, while you are cold and indifferent to all that I say ? I know very well, that Prudence

dence would teach me to stifle so unhappy an Affection; but how is that possible, when you have already got Possession of my Soul? Yes; yes, you have not only vanquished my Heart, but deprived me of all Desire of Liberty: I am pleased with my Bonds, though I know not how to bear them. It is a Torture to love you, and yet it seems to me a greater, to banish that Love, that, when it allows no Rest to its Votaries, it denies them all Thoughts of deposing the Tyrant. No, it rather furnishes Excuses for the Slavery; and while we are unable to bear the Rigour of your Empire, compels us to make more firm and lasting. My Love is already grown so much a Part of me, that Life, (and that must have but one End) Life, that my hourly Pains make a Burthen, is only desirable in Hopes of your Pity. Alas! I cannot live without you, and yet know not how to persuade you to be mine. Those Advantages I once condemned, as the Qualifications of Fools, or Beaux, I now wish for, as agreeable Accomplishments too often endearing the Fop to the Fair one. What are you to me but an Aggravation of my Passion? Why was I not made a gay, thoughtless Coxcomb, incapable of all the Impressions of Love, and so qualified to gratify all the tranquil Emotions of my Heart? Could I have less Love, I might have more Gallantry; I might entertain the most charming of her Sex more agreeable to the Gaiety of her Temper: But the Violence and Sincerity of my Passions

Passions rob me of all the gay Arts of engaging. Oh! my adorable fair One, pity the Misery you have caused; have Compassion on the Wretch that you have made; let me blefs, not curse the Hour I saw you, and wish you less charming than I think you. 'Tis worthy of your Beauty to raise the Distressed, and restore me to Hope, from the Depth of Despair. Oh! no, I find it impossible for me to move her Heart, as cruel as she is beautiful; yet in the midst of Despair, I shall ever remain,

Your faithful Slave, LUCIANO.

I do confess, I believe the Count had perverted my Resolution, if an Accident had not happened, which totally defeated all his Hopes, which is as follows:

There was a young *Neapolitan* Baron called *Casanatta*, that had married the Daughter of an old Gentleman that used to make daily visits to the Cardinal; and his Guests being all, but myself, married People, I had too frequent Opportunities of conversing with *Casanatta*, both alone, and in Company.

CASANATTA was of the tallest Size of little Men, exactly shaped in Body and Legs, the Down just on his Chin, Eyes full and languishing, a delicate Complexion, and Hair that hung down to his Waste. He sung with abundance of Art and Address, with a Voice that would charm the dullest: His Utterance

terance was soft and piercing, his Words flow-
ed like Honey, and it was impossible to hear
him, without finding a soft Emotion in your
Bosom at every Syllable he uttered. His Hu-
mour was agreeable and gay, and his Temper
open and generous. I often wished him in Don
Luciano's Place, or that he had been at Liberty
to make as honourable an Address. I found in
me that Tendernefs for him, that he would not
have been so indifferently received as *Luciano*,
though his Suit had been with the same dis-
agreeable View ; for I thought the Beauties of
his Person, and those of his Humour would
really hold out through the long tedious Jour-
ney of Matrimony itself.

Full of these kind Thoughts for him, I was
so happy as to make Impressions as great on his
Heart : He sought all Opportunities of conver-
sing with me, that he could take without Suspi-
cion ; and mutual Inclinations soon made our
short Meetings frequent. Several things con-
tributed to the Success of this Amour, at least,
enough to betray us into a Passion, which nei-
ther of us could much longer command. He
took an Opportunity to tell me he could not
leave this World, without letting me know
that he fell the glorious Sacrifice of my Eyes.

Here he paus'd and blush'd, between Anger
and Pleasure ; the Pleasure I was obliged to
conceal, while a false Anger usurped my Ton-
gue, and belyed the soft Sentiments of my
Heart. I forced a weak Frown, and some
seeming

seeming harsh words, on his Presumption of declaring so criminal a Passion, so injurious to my Honour, and destructive of my Virtue. That since he knew no better how to make Use of the innocent Freedoms I gave him, I should immediately retrench them, and fly from so dangerous a Conversation. He pressed my Hand, and, gave it ten thousand Kisses, begged as many Pardons, threw himself upon his Knees, embraced my Legs, and made such an Assault for Pity and Love, that, unable to bear the Attack, trembling all over with Fear, and Desire, I broke from him, and run to my Chamber.

He was not so bashful a Lover, or so ignorant of Women, as to have his passion defeated by the first Repulse, or not to understand the sure Symptoms of Love from my Eyes and my Blushes, and the Tremblings he found when he pressed me with Kisses, and tender Caresses. He followed me therefore, and finding my Chamber Door open, came to my Closet, knocked gently at the Door, which when I opened to see who it was, he rushed in, and seized me in his amorous Arms, and, betwixt Kisses and Embraces, would not suffer me to cry out. I must confess, that the Opportunity was so agreeable and the Lover so pleasing, and my Desires so heightened, I could not resolve to deny my own Satisfaction, to punish the Rudeness and Force that I found so transporting in his Arms: I sunk down on the

N

Couch,

Couch, and with a faint Resistance, suffered him to gain a Victory, in which our Triumph was equal.

Casanatta was ever after that time, too full of Invention, to let any Opportunity slip of enjoying my Company: He had provided himself the Habit and Cargo of one of those Women who sell Pomatons, Washes, Paste, and the like, to the Ladies for their Hands and their Faces, in which Disguise, my Servants had the Opportunity of conducting him to my Chamber, without any Suspicion, the next Evening.

Now was our Amour in the greatest Tranquillity, while, secure from all Danger, we indulged our Enjoyments. This made me have no longer Regard to, or to keep any Measures with the Count *Luciano*, who still persecuted me at the Hours of Retirement. I therefore begged the Cardinal, if he valued my Repose, not to let me be any longer tormented with the Visits of a Man, that was my Aversion. The Cardinal could not deny me what I asked with some Earnestness, but taking some convenient Opportunity, informed him of my Sentiments in as soft and tender a manner, as he possibly could, desired him to forbear his Visits for the future, and withal assuring him, that notwithstanding my Severity on his Account, he would do him all the good Offices with me, except a Constrictant, which he would never use.

This Discharge of mine was the Occasion of his sending me the following Letter, which was the last I received from him.

L E T -

LETTER V.

YOU may venture, cruel Maid, to read this Letter, without being offended with too much of my Love, it being the last, I believe, I shall trouble you with. That I have loved you, nay, that I love you still with the sincerest of passions, witness all ye Powers that govern our Actions, and dispose of our Fates. Had I known, Madam, that your Heart and your Honour were engaged to another, I would never have troubled you with the Pains and Agonies you have caused. I should have endeavoured to stifle so unhappy a Flame in its Birth, and never have given Head to a Fire, which now I fear is too strong for me to master. However, since it is impossible for me to be happy in your Arms, I shall learn from Despair to banish all those agreeable Phantoms which haunted my Thoughts with the bewitching Scenes of Pleasure I never can obtain. I am, Madam, very sensible, nay, I have a most terrible Idea of, the Struggle I must go through; but since, like Death, it must be past, I must arm myself with the strongest Resolution I am able, tho' Death would have procured you. Ah! cruel and fantastick Fate, that ordains me not only to lose you, but to see you lost in the cold withered Arms of Age; to see all those excessive Beauties worthy all the Changes of *Jupiter*, confined to the Grave, even in their Blossom of Youth. Hear me, Madam, hear me.

and remember, that you had an Adorer that loved you faithfully; nay, that loved you equally to the vast Extent of your Merits; who, when he was in the midst of Despair, in all the Agonies of an unlucky Passion, in Misery deriv'd only from your Eyes, prayed for your Happiness, without Regard to his own; who thus implores Heaven for you, May ready Success still meet your Desires; May the Sincerity of your Friends prove worthy your innocent Confidence in them; May the Charms of your Body be as lasting as those of your Mind; May no Pain interrupt your Ease, nor Misfortune your Felicity; but as you are the most charming of your Sex, so may you be the most happy; May your Husband's Love be like mine, and since you are bound to the feeble Arms of old Age, may yours, like the Charms of *Medea*, renew his Youth, or what is next to it, and not much more possible; May you never know what Love is, or may you think him as amiable, as he must think you. But should I follow the Dictates of my Heart, whilst it is pouring out Blessings upon you, I might tire you, but never the Zeal of my Love. Having thus made the Will of dying Hopes, I will trouble you no longer, but let them in Silence expire.

As he expected no Answer, so he set out from *Naples* the next Day, and I was left without Molestation from that Side, to enjoy my dear Baron. But young Lovers have never any Prudence

dénce or Mean in their Enjoyments. *Casanatta's* public Visits where now too rare, and his private ones too frequent, always to avoid the Discovery of a jealous-sighted Lover. The Cardinal was too much taken up with Affairs of State to give us much Disturbance, or interrupt our Pleasure; but an unfortunate Accident happened, which put an End to the greatest Pleasure of my Life. There was an old Favourite of the Cardinal's, who was the very Picture of Jealousy, and often watching my Pomatum-Woman, knew him to be the Baron in that Disguise; he secretly acquaints the Cardinal of it, who protested in *Verbo Sacerdotis*, that he would be revenged. He placed some new Spies on my Actions, and soon was informed of the frequent Access of this Woman. For the troublesome Domestick Spy being removed, we took the more Liberty in our Amour, and frequently passed the whole Night unsuspected in one another's Arms.

One fatal Night, when tired with the Repetition of our mutual Caresses, Sleep had sealed up both our Eyes, Death came and ravished him from my Arms. The Governant's chamber was betwixt mine and the Cardinal's, which he entering with a Dagger and Dark-Lanthorn, my Chamber on that Side was unlocked, as dreading no Danger; so coming directly to my Bed-side, he gazed on us a while, as fast lock'd in each other's, as in Sleep. I first waked with Light of the Lanthorn, and seeing him going
to

to pierce the dear Breast, I cryed out so loud, that the Baron awaked, but not time enough to prevent the first Stab ; which tho' not immediate Death, yet made him fall back in the Bed, almost drowned in his own Gore. I seized the Cardinal's Hand and begged him to dispatch me with the lovely Youth, but deaf to all Prayers and Tears, snatching his Hand away, with a second Blow, he sent his poor Soul to wander with the Dead.

'Tis in vain to tell you the Extravagance of my Passion ; not considering the naked Condition I was in, I threw myself out of Bed, and begged Death at his Hands, and which I thought once he would have given me ; but Nature prevailed, and throwing my Clothes about me, he made me quit the Room, and retire to another Apartment, and then ordered the Body to be thrown out of the Window into the Sea, on that side which beat on the Walls of the Palace.

It was long e'er I could be brought to eat or drink, or bear with any Patience the Light of the Day, much less the Sight of the Cardinal himself, who imagining that the Place might still keep my Grief fresh and lasting, he removed me to *Rome*, and here took a peculiar Care to wean me from my Sorrows, by all the Diversions this City afforded.

F I N I S.





T H E

C O N T E N T S.

- CHAP. I. *THE Adventure of Don Francisco, an Inquisitor, with a young Lady of Fifteen Years, whom he forcibly carry'd from her Father's House into the Inquisition, in order, by his Threats of the Dry-Pan Torture, to debauch her. The Accomplishment of his Design, her cruel Usage, and happy Deliverance: with other material Passages. All written by Herself. Page. 1*
- CHAP. II. *The Adventure of Massetto, who being entertained as Gardener to a Monastery of Nuns, feigned himself dumb, and by that means enjoyed them, and, at last, the Abbess herself. p. 21*
- CHAP. III. *The pleasant Adventure of a Carmelite Fryar and his Gallant; together with his Letter and her Answer. p. 29*
- CHAP. IV. *Of the Image of the Virgin Mary, and the Manner of her dancing with a Fryar. p. 31*
- CHAP. V. *The Adventure of Isabella with a Fryar, who, under Pretence of making an Oblation of her Virginity to the B. Virgin, debauched her before an Altar, at Thirteen Years old. p. 35*
- CHAP. VI. *Account of the merry Adventure of Gelding Father Lawrence, a Jesuit, at Avignon. p. 41*
- CHAP. VII.

CONTENTS.

- CHAP. VII. *A Short Account of the Inquisition, and its Practices.* P. 45
- CHAP. VIII. *Account of a merry Trick which some Students in the University of Saragossa put upon one of their Officers.* P. 49
- CHAP. IX. *A Description of the Great Mountain Sylvester, with some Account of the wicked Life of a Hermit there: By a Gentleman who travelled to Naples.* P. 54
- CHAP. X. *Of the pretended Marriages of the Priests and Nuns.* P. 57
- CHAP. XI. *A particular Description of two rich Churches in Saragossa, called, St. Salvator, and the Lady del Pilar.* P. 68
- CHAP. XII. *The History of the Lady of Pilar, and her Miracles.* P. 74
- CHAP. XIII. *Some Account of CONFESSIONS and the lewd Use the Fryars make of them.* P. 80
- The Second CONFESSIONS, of a Woman to Father Joseph.* P. 99
- An Account of a CONFESSOR's Companion betraying a young Lady to a Grandee of Spain.* P. 104
- The private CONFESSION of a Priest, whom we shall call Don Paulo, at the Point of Death.* P. 105
- The Adventure of Theresa and the Dwarf.* P. 110
- Theresa continues her Story to the Dwarf; her Amour with the Count Luciano, the Letters that passed betwixt them, and the Cardinal's Revenge executed on the Baron Casanatta.* P. 141